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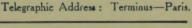
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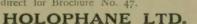
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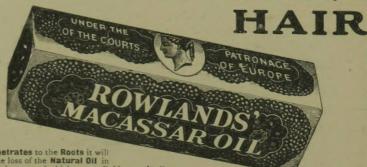


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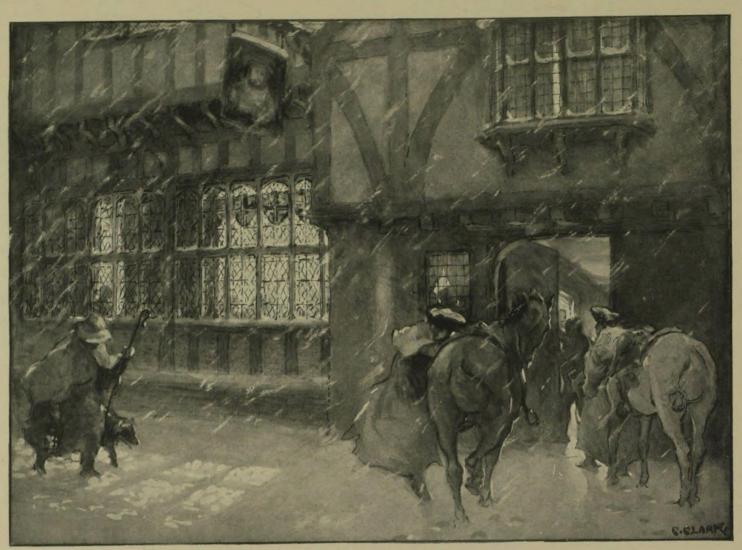
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1924.

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PICTURESQUE ROYALTY: THE CROWN PRINCE AND CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

The Crown Prince Carol of Roumania, who was born in 1893, married Princess Helena of Greece, eldest daughter of the late King Constantine. Their wedding took place at Athens on March 10, 1921. They have a little son, Prince Michael, who has been described in the Bucharest papers as "the finest boy for his age in Roumania." A photograph of him, as well as one of his parents, appeared in our issue of December 8, 1923. There has been much

inter-marrying among the Royal Families of Roumania, Greece, and Yugo-Slavia. Prince Carol's eldest sister, Elizabeth, is the wife of King George of Greece (brother of Princess Helena), who recently left Greece at the Government's request; and his second sister, Marie, is the Queen of Yugo-Slavia. Last October, also, Prince Paul of Yugo-Slavia, a cousin of King Alexander, married Princess Olga of Greece, a cousin of the Crown Princess of Roumania.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

FUSS seems to have been made about some buglers who are said to have performed before the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross, where a sort of service is held by certain enthusiasts who wear white roses and live on the legend of the Stuarts. The newspapers showed both amusement and annoyance, and seemed to think it singularly incongruous that this should happen under a Labour Government. I do not know whether people expected the Labour Government to court-martial, cashier, shoot, or guillotine the unfortunate soldiers. If so, we could only say, as the tragic King himself said, with a fine irony, of the poor soldier who was struck for saluting him: "The punishment methinks exceeds the offence." But in truth the newspapers were quite wrong, as they sometimes are on points of history and political philosophy. There is no special incongruity between the Stuarts and Mr. Macdonald's Government, any more than there was between the Stuarts and Mr. Macdonald's clan. We must not

forget how mighty an assembly of Mr. Macdonald's relations, at the signal of Montrose, actually gathered to fight for Charles I. and drove his enemies before them at Inverlochy.

As a matter of fact, Charles I. might very well belong to the Labour Party rather than the Liberal Party or the Conservative Party. Those who do not understand this do not remember what Charles did or even what Labour is supposed to do. For instance, he would certainly have been in favour of the Nationalisation of Mines. Indeed, we may say that he was in favour of the Nationalisation of Mines. One of the most determining questions on which he differed from his Parliamentary aristocracy was his insistence that metals and minerals ought not to be private property, but ought to belong to the Crown-or, in other words, the State. Some of us think that on this point Charles was quite right. But, anyhow, on this point Charles could not be quite right and Mr. Smillie be quite wrong. If there is one man in the modern world who is convinced that Mr. Smillie is quite wrong, that all Socialists

are quite wrong, I should say it is the Dean of St. Paul's. It is almost impossible to open a daily paper anywhere without seeing a diatribe by Dean Inge not only against Socialism, but against Labour, and the ordinary democratic and defensive organisations of Labour. But Dean Inge, for all his strange anti-popular-passions, is an acute and thoughtful man. And he remarked recently that the nationalisation of such things as mines would have been all very well, if it could have been done at the very beginning of the industrial movement. That is, it would have been well if it had been done when Charles I. wanted to do it. Charles I. was a progressive two hundred years in advance of his time. He was a progressive to the point of being a prophet. And surely being a prophet is almost as good a claim for a religious memorial service as being a saint or a martyr. Anyhow, all this flows from Dean Inge's admission, and on this point I quite agree with Dean Inge, though in this aspect it is not certain that he will agree to agree with himself. I am not sure that the necessity of finding himself in the same company as Charles I. and Mr. Smillie, and myself, will not be too much for him. I rather gathered from some of his other remarks that he would not be found reading the memorial service in the group decorated with white roses, before the statue of Charles I. Yet surely when we say that a thing cannot be done now, but ought to have been done then, we might pay a passing tribute of respect to the man who tried to do it then. Perhaps our respect will not be altogether diminished if the man was killed for trying to do it then.

And there would perhaps be more truth in saying that Charles I. was in this sense a Socialist martyr than in saying that he was a Christian martyr. His claims to come under the theological definitions of martyrdom may well be disputed. But his claims to fulfil. the sociological definitions of a progressive or advanced person are quite indisputable. He really did stand for the function of the State, and its control of economics by ethics, against a world of wild individualism which did not in the least understand that idea, or what is really true in that idea. He

proceedings should terminate with a selection of Cavalier tunes and the singing of "The Red Flag." I fear I shall never see this scene—but not because it is too fantastic or incongruous. On the contrary, I shall not see it because it is far too reasonable and appropriate. English Socialists, who ought at least to be teaching us to be logical, have not enough logic. And English Tories, who ought to stand for the past, do not know any history.

For what we want is not a romantic rehabilitation of Charles I., but a rational reconstruction of English history. Charles Stuart was not the saint that some Tory sentimental fictions would imply, any more than he was the scoundrel indicated by Whig rhetoric, which was equally fictitious and equally sentimental. If I were asked for my own primary impression of the poor gentleman, I should say he was a Scotchman. His father was a pure Scotchman, and he himself was very Scottish. He was grave and of a great natural

dignity, like Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. He was also pedantic and pragmatical. He was difficult to deal with, because he was the kind of man who never understands what is really happening; and he did not understand the movement of the new mercantile England. I would not take too seriously the charges of perpetual perjury, for his enemies were Parliamentary leaders, and we know that this is the charge which Parliamentary leaders perpetually bring against everybody, especially each other. Perhaps there is something in Parliamentary life that makes a man incessantly break his word and incessantly reproach the other man for doing the same. But Charles failed not so much through lying as through logicchopping; he did not always see when the time for logic - chopping was passed, and another kind of chopping was shortly

about to begin. But the important point is not what hap-

pened to Charles I., but what happened to England. And it is quite certain that with the fall of the Stuarts England was given over far too much to the greed of individual interests, especially wealthy interests. A

new race for riches began, in which the rich became much too rich and the poor much too poor. Then the spirit of the age, having created the very extreme of inequality, announced that competition made everybody equal. In other words, having gone to the last limit of unfairness in equipment, in armament, and in payment, men declared it was a fair fight. They said there was a free bargain between a starving men in the street and a man who had bought up all the food in the town. They even said there was equality of opportunity between those who had no opportunities and those who had all the opportunities. The Socialists then said that this was nonsense, and they were quite right-or they would have been quite right, if they had not gone on to talk another nonsense of their own. So that most people to-day imagine there is nothing but a dilemma between the Socialist nonsense and the Individualist nonsense. It is a very dangerous dilemma. When next you pass Charles at Charing Cross, do not grovel as to an idol or ideal man. But give him the salutation of a serious doubt; the thought that this dilemma might not even exist to madden us, if the man as well as the statue had remained in the saddle.



A NEW LABOUR PEER-AND SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR IN THE LABOUR COVERNMENT: BRIG.-GEN. C. B. THOMSON AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE.

Brigadier-General Thomson, upon whom, it was announced on February 4, a Barony of the United Kingdom has been conferred, is a son of Major-General David Thomson, and was born in 1875. When the war began he went to France on the staff of the 1st Army Corps. In 1915 he was appointed Military Attaché to Roumania, and later was chief of the Military Commission there. He visited Russia twice, and also served in Palestine. At Versailles he was British Military Representative on the Supreme War Council.-[Photograph by C.N.]

> really did stand for the perfectly sound idea of which Socialism is the exaggeration: the idea that there must be a central power in a civilised community, expressing the idea of a moral authority above mercantile or industrial interests. A good many people call themselves Socialists who mean little more than this by Socialism. In that sense, Charles I. was a Socialist, and might be a sort of patron saint of Socialists; especially of the very mild sort of Socialists that mostly go to make up a Labour Government. I bet King Charles was a good deal more of a Bolshevist than Lord Parmoor or Mr. Ponsonby.

I therefore propose that a new procession, and a more appropriate one, should proceed to the statue at Charing Cross. It should wear not white roses but red roses, or, at any rate, red rosettes. It should drape the royal statue in red flags on Labour Day. Mr. Smillie should deliver an eloquent and moving oration on the virtues of the late monarch, on the vindictiveness of his enemies, and, above all, on his splendid spade-work at an early stage of the movement for the Nationalisation of Mines. Mr. Thomas should second him in a more moderate tone, and the

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. J. E. DAVISON, M.P.

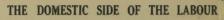
Sir T. Vansittart Bowater, Bt., M.P., was Lord Mayor of London in 1913-14.—
Mr. Basil Dean has become Joint Managing Director, with Sir Alfred Butt, of Drury Lane Theatre, in succession to Mr. Arthur Collins, who has resigned through ill-health. Mr. Dean is the enterprising director of the Reandean Company at the Ambassadors and the St. Martin's, where he originated the "Playbox" scheme. He also produced "Hassan" at His Majesty's. ——Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie, who has been Principal of the Royal Academy of Music for thirty-six years, intends to resign this position at the end of the summer term. M. A. J. Rykoff has been chosen to succeed Lenin as Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars in Russia.—The King has approved the conferring of baronies on Sir Sydney Olivier, Secretary for India, Brig.-General C. B. Thomson,

Secretary for Air, and Mr. Sydney Arnold, Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Mr. Arnold's health prevented him from contesting a seat in the Commons at the General Election. A portrait of Brig.-General Thomson appears on "Our Note-Book" page, and one of Sir Sydney Olivier was given in our last issue (for February 2).--Mr. J. Robertson, M.P., was for over twenty years vice-chairman of the Scottish Mine-Workers' Union. — Mr. T. Kennedy, M.P., is an active member of the Social Democratic Federation .- Mr. W. Graham has been the Labour Member for the Central Division of Edinburgh since December 1918. -- Mr. T. Griffiths is the Labour Member for Pontypool. -- Mr. John Davison has been actively connected with the Friendly Society of Ironfounders. — Mr. J. A. Parkinson is the Labour Member for Wigan, and was formerly a miners' agent.

MR. J. A. PARKINSON, M.P.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AT HOME: MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P., WITH HIS WIFE (AUTHOR OF "THROUGH BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA



PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., C.N.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION: MR. C. P. TREVELYAN, M. WITH HIS WIFE AND SOME OF THEIR CHILDREN.



THE PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY: MR. C. G. AMMON, M.P., WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO DAUGHTERS AT HIS HOME IN BERMONDSEY.



THE COLONIAL SECRETARY: MR. J. H. THOMAS, M.P., WITH MRS. THOMAS, AT THEIR HOME IN DULWICH.



AND SON, MR. REUBEN ROBERTS, AND MRS. C. ROBERTS.



THE MINISTER OF PENSIONS: MR. F. O. ROBERTS, M.P., WITH HIS WIFE THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES: MR. NOEL BUXTON, M.P., AT HOME WITH HIS WIFE. THEIR SON, MICHAEL, AND THEIR DAUGHTER, LYDIA.

Mr. Philip Snowden married, in 1905, Miss Ethel Annakin, daughter of Mr. Richard Annakin, of Harrogate. Mrs. Snowden is the author of "Through Bolshevik Russia." (1920) and "A Political Pilgrim in Europe" (1921). In Russia she had an interview with Lenin, who gave her an impression of fanatical cruelty. "It was the persistent, unnatural merriment of those amused eyes," she writes, "which gradually increased my distaste to the point of horror. What was there to laugh at in the whole wide realm of suffering Russia? was the question which indignantly demanded an answer as I caught again and again the mocking gleam in the eyes of the merry fanatic. . . . Here was a man who, according to the Bolshevists' own printed statement, had sent 10,000 persons to their death for the love of a political creed. When one of our number elicited his plan for dealing with obstinate rich pessents, he shook with horrid laughter as he spoke of their hanging."—Mr. C. P. Trevelyan is son and heir of Sir George Trevelyan, Bt., the nephew and biographer of Lord Macaulay. Mr. C. P. Trevelyan married, in 1904, Mary Katharine, daughter of Sir Hugh Bell, Bt., and has two sons and four daughters.



THE PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH IN THE NEW LABOUR GOVERNMENT: MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, M.P., AT HOME WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN, KATHLEEN AND ARTHUR





THE HOME SECRETARY AT HOME: (L. TO R.) MR. W. W. HENDERSON, M.P. (SON), MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON IUN., M.P. (SON). MISS ELEANOR KENDERSON (DAUGHTER) THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR HENDER-HENDERSON



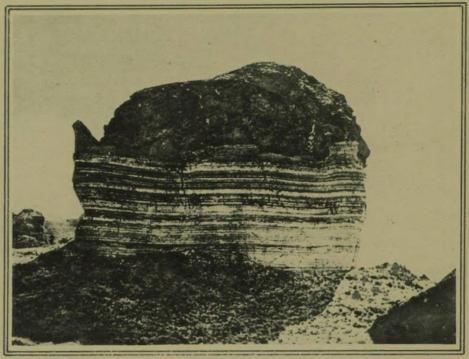
Mr. C. G. Ammon, who is M.P. for North Camberwell, was for twenty years in the Post Office. He married Miss Ada Ellen May, daughter of Mr. David May, of Walworth, and has two daughters.——Mr. J. H. Thomas is a native of Newport, where he was born in 1878. Since he entered the Cabinet he has resigned the political secretaryship of the N.U.R. He has three sons and two daughters.—Mr. Frederick Owen Roberts, M.P. for West Bromwich, married, in 1899, Cella Dorothea, daughter of the late Mr. Francis Sexton, of Northampton. - Mr. Noel Buxton, a son of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bt., married, in 1914, Lucy Edith, eldest daughter of Major Pelham-Burn, of Dryfeholme, Lockerbie. They have three sons and one daughter. Mr. Buxton has worn a beard since he was shot in the jaw by a fanatic in the Balkans, in 1914. --Mr. Arthur Greenwood is M.P. for Nelson and Coine. -- The Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, P.C. married, in 1888, a daughter of Mr. William Watson, of Rotherfield, Sussex, and has three sons and one daughter. He was the only member of the Labour Government defeated in the General Election, while two of his sons were elected.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON CURRENT NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COMITÉ OLYMPIQUE FRANÇAIS, UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., L.N.A., AND I.B.



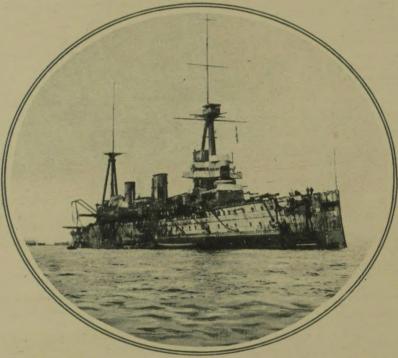
SWEARING TO "OBEY THE RULES AND COMPETE IN A CHIVALROUS SPIRIT, FOR THE HONOUR OF THEIR COUNTRY": COMPETITORS IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES WINTER SPORTS, AT CHAMONIX, WITH THEIR NATIONAL FLAGS.



"TEAPOT" DOME IN WYOMING: A CURIOUS PIECE OF NATURE'S SCULPTURE ON OIL LANDS, PERSONS CONCERNED IN THE LEASE OF WHICH ARE TO BE PROSECUTED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.



WHERE SEVERAL "CONTINENTS" ARE WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE: A REMARKABLE SIGNPOST AT THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY.



TO BE SUNK ON ANZAC DAY NEXT APRIL UNDER THE TERMS OF THE WASHINGTON TREATY: H.M.A.S. "AUSTRALIA," THE ONCE-FAMOUS BATTLE-SHIP OF THE AUSTRALIAN NAVY.



"FASCISTS ARE ALWAYS READY, NOT ONLY TO DIE, BUT TO KILL": SIGNOR MUSSOLINI OPENING HIS ELECTORAL CAMPAIGN.



THE THREATENED DOCK STRIKE: THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF PORT LABOUR EMPLOYERS CONSIDERING THE DOCKERS' DEMANDS—(L. TO R.) MR. GRINLING HARRIS (SEC.), MR. F. C. ALLEN (CHAIRMAN), AND MR. OSWALD SANDERSON.

In the Olympic Games winter sports meeting at Chamonix the British team was third. Representatives of the various nations, with their flags, took an oath—announced by Adjutant Mandrillon (in centre, holding the French tricolour)—to keep the rules, and "to compete in a chivairous spirit, for the honour of our country and the glory of sport."——"Teapot" Dome in Wyoming is a curious natural formation in one of the oil-bearing districts which have of late been the subject of sensational disclosures in the United States affecting various high political officials.——The battle-ship "Australia," stripped of all valuable fittings, is to be sunk, as there is no demand in Australia for the hulk metal that would ordinarily be sold to a ship-breaker, and to bring her to England



THE PRINCE OF WALES BESIDE THE PREMIER AT THE PILGRIMS' DINNER TO TWO NEW AMBASSADORS: (L. TO R.) MR. RAMSAY' MACDONALD, THE PRINCE, MR. FRANK B. KELLOGG, LORD DESBOROUGH, AND SIR ESMÉ HOWARD.

would cost more than her value.—Signor Mussolini opened the Fascist electoral campaign in the Palazzo Venezia at Rome on January 28 with a truculent speech denouncing other parties and Socialism generally. "Fascism," he said, "is pursuing an entirely new theory of nationhood and civilisation. . . . It is my will to govern and to go on governing."—The National Council of Port Labour Employers arranged a conference with the dockers on February 5. Failing a settlement, a very serious strike will begin on February 16.—The Prince of Wales sat next to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald at the Pilgrims' dinner on February 1 to the new American Ambassador, Mr. Frank B. Kellogg, and the new British Ambassador to the United States, Sir Esmé Howard.

FROM KNOSSOS TO THE RAND: BUILDINGS AND SCULPTURE OLD AND NEW.

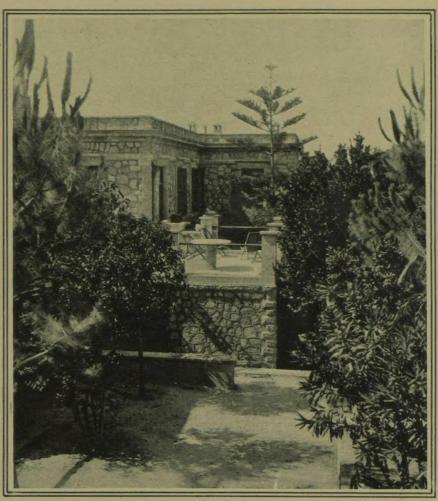
PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. I AND 2 BY COURTESY OF MR. GEORGE A. MACMILLAN, OF MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.; NO. 3 BY T. BRITTAIN (JOHANNESBURG); NO. 4 BY PHOTOFRESS; NOS. 5 AND 6 BY SPECIAL PRESS.



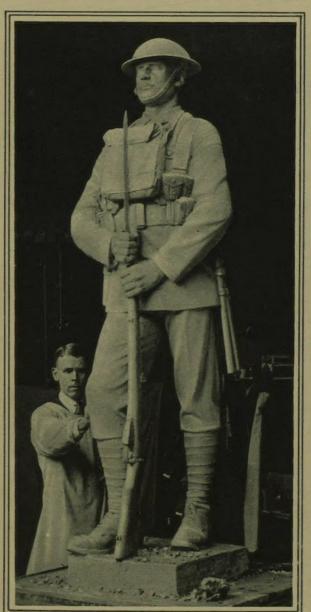
PRESENTED BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS, THE FAMOUS ARCHÆOLOGIST, TO THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS: THE MINOAN PALACE SITE AT KNOSSOS, CRETE, AS SEEN FROM THE ROOF OF HIS HEADQUARTERS HOUSE, THE VILLA ARIADNE.



3. NOW BEING BUILT IN MILNER PARK, JOHANNESBURG, AT A COST OF £1,500,000: THE AMENDED DESIGN FOR THE WITWATERSRAND UNIVERSITY.



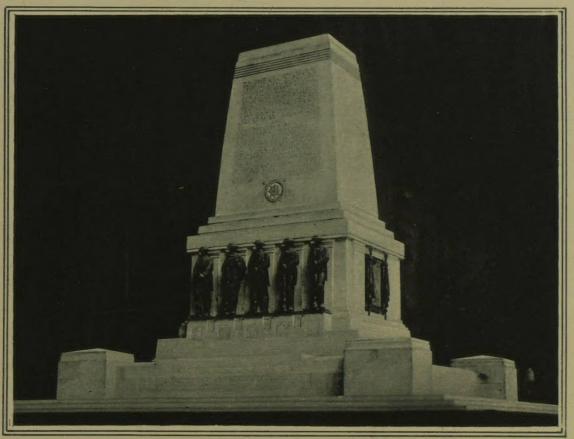
2. "AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL STATION FOR BRITISH RESEARCH": THE VILLA ARIADNE, GIVEN BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS TO THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS.



GUARDS MEMORIAL: MR. GILBERT LEDWARD, THE SCULPTOR.



4. ESTIMATED TO COST £1,646,983: MR. G. WASHINGTON BROWN'S DESIGN FOR THE PROPOSED ST. PAUL'S BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES IN LONDON.



5. WITH HIS FIGURE OF A GRENADIER GUARDSMAN FOR THE 6. TO BE ERECTED IN ST. JAMES'S PARK: A MODEL OF THE GUARDS' MEMORIAL COMMEMORATING OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE GUARDS (AND OTHER REGIMENTS THAT SERVED WITH THEM) FALLEN IN THE WAR.

The Chairman of the British School at Athens, Mr. George A. Macmillan, announced on February 5, in a letter to the "Times": "Sir Arthur Evans has most generously made over to the Trustees of the School his property at Knossos in Crete, including the site of the Palace of Minos, of the Little Palace, and of other neighbouring Minoan houses, together with his headquarters house, the Villa Ariadne, and the adjoining garden and vineyard. . . Under the same agreement will pass into the hands of the School . . . the large reference museum . . . within the magazines of the Palace itself. . . . The Villa Ariadne, with its large workshop and Common Room, is specially devised to be useful

to students. . . . Sir Arthur Evans expresses the hope that, apart from the absorbing interest of the Minoan surroundings, the Villa may serve in a more general way as an archæological station for British research in Crete and the South Ægean."——The Witwatersrand University is now in course of erection in Milner Park, Johannesburg. — The long-discussed scheme for a St. Paul's bridge is said to be approaching a practical stage. The committee's final choice lay between two alternative designs, by Mr. G. Washington Brown and Mr. Charles Barry. - The Guards' War Memorial, of which Mr. Gilbert Ledward is the sculptor, is to stand in St. James's Park, opposite the Horse Guards.

WHERE THE LORDS ARE EITHER LIBERAL OR CONSERVATIVE: "IOLANTHE."

PHOTOGRAPHS-No. 1 BY THE "TIMES" INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS, TAKEN DURING THE PERFORMANCE; Nos. 2 and 3 BY Stage Photo. Co.



1. WHEN THERE WERE NO LABOUR PEERS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: A PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSION OF THE LAST ACT IN GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S "IOLANTHE"
AT THE PRINCES' THEATRE, TAKEN FROM THE AUDITORIUM DURING THE PERFORMANCE—SHOWING THE FAIRIES IN THEIR NEW DRESSES.



2. THE OPENING OF THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SEASON: MISS BERTHA LEWIS AS QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES, AND MISS EILEEN SHARP AS IOLANTHE.



3. IN CHELSEA INSTEAD OF DRESDEN CHINA COSTUME: MR. SYDNEY GRANVILLE AS STREPHON AND MISS WINIFRED LAWSON AS PHYLLIS.

The new Gilbert and Sullivan season of the D'Oyly Carte Company opened at the Princes' Theatre on February 4 with an excellent performance of "lolanthe" (or "The Peer and the Peri"). It was curious that the announcement of three new Labour peerages should have coincided with the revival of this famous fantasy about the House of Lords, whose voting was influenced by the fairies, at a period when, as Private Willis sings, "Every boy and every gal That's born into this world alive Is either a little Liberal, or else a little Conservative." New political conditions, however, cannot destroy the charm of Gilbert's wit or Sullivan's melody. The upper photograph, taken from the auditorium during

the performance, shows the final scene outside the House of Lords, with the chorus of peers and fairies, who now wear hoop dresses of powder blue. In the right background is the Lord Chancellor (Mr. Henry Lytton) facing Strephon (Mr. Sydney Granville). On the left is Private Willis (Mr. Leo Sheffield) outside his sentry-box. In front in the middle (from left to right) are the Queen of the Fairies (Miss Bertha Lewis), Phyllis (Miss Winifred Lawson), and Iolanthe (Miss Eileen Sharp). At either end are Lord Mountararat (Mr. Darrell Fancourt), and Lord Tolloller (Mr. Sidney Pointer), with their respective ladies. "Iolanthe" is filling the bill for two weeks.

FATHER OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: A GREAT AMERICAN IDEALIST.



THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT WILSON IN PARIS DURING THE PEACE CON-FERENCE: DRIVING WITH M. POINCARÉ DOWN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.



WITH THE WIFE WHO WATCHED BY HIS BEDSIDE AT THE LAST:
THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT WILSON AND MRS. WILSON.



ARRIVING IN PARIS FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE:
THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT AND HIS WIFE.



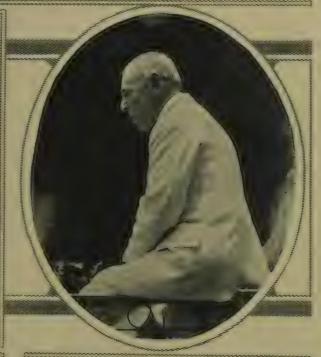
A ROYAL SEND-OFF FROM LONDON TO PARIS AFTER THE VISIT TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: (LEFT TO RIGHT)
THE KING, PRESIDENT WILSON, THE QUEEN, AND MRS. WILSON ON THE PLATFORM AT VICTORIA.



AS HE WAS IN JUNE 1920 WHILE STILL IN OFFICE: PRESIDENT WILSON AT WORK ON STATE BUSINESS.



IN LONDON AFTER THE WAR PRESIDENT WILSON WITH HIS MAJESTY THE KING.



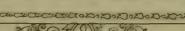
AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE U.S. ARMY AND NAVY DURING THE WAR: PRESIDENT WILSON AT A LAUNCH AT HOG ISLAND ON AUGUST 27, 1918.

Ex-President Woodrow Wilson died peacefully in his sleep at 11.15 a.m. on February. 3 in his home at Washington, in the presence of his wife. He had never recovered from the physical breakdown which followed the utter defeat of his policy and party (the Democrats) in 1920. He will be remembered as a great idealist and the founder of the League of Nations. General Smuts wrote of him in 1921: "The Covenant is Wilson's souvenir to the world. . . . The honour is very great indeed, for the Covenant is one of the great creative documents of human history." The late President was born in Virginia in 1856, the son of a Presbyterian minister of Scottish-Irish extraction. From 1890

to 1910 he was Professor of Jurisprudence at Princeton University, and became its President in 1902. In 1910 he was elected Governor of New Jersey. In March 1913 he entered the White House as President of the United States. In 1916 he was re-elected, and in the war he devoted himself to the organisation of the fighting services, being, under the Constitution, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. Later events—his visit to Europe and his part in the Peace Conference—are within the memory of all. He was twice married. His first wife (Miss Louise Ellen Axson) by whom he had three daughters, died in August 1914, and in December 1915 he married Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, of Washington.



THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE.





THIS wonderful palace, 5 ft. high to the top of the parapet, 8 ft. 6 in. long, 5 ft. deep, has been constructed as a monument to future years of what a great house of 1924 might be like. It will be on view at the Wembley Park Exhibition. We say "might be like," for no one would be able to have

such a marvellous company of artists and craftsmen work for him in reality. The scale is one inch to a foot, and so perfectly is the scale maintained that from photographs it is impossible to realise that the rooms and their furniture are not full-sized.

The outside walls of the palace are made to rise so that every room can be perfectly seen. The garden, with every sort of flower-even with a fairy-ring of toadstools oneeighth of an inch high, folds up like a writing-desk and slides into the basement, just as the garage (containing Rolls-Royce, Daimler, Sunbeam, and Vauxhall cars) does at the other end. The centre of the main front is taken up with the great staircase hall, thirty-one inches broad; the paving is of marble lapis lazuli, and the walls are painted by William Nicholson in blue and white, with "The Expulsion from Eden," a picture in which all the animals are seen present at the disgrace of Adam and Eve. A lift with external control is held by many to be the most marvellous contrivance in the palace.

The Queen's bed-room, with a black, red, and yellow ceiling by Glyn Philpot, A.R.A., is

only twenty-two inches high, yet its grey silk hangings and bed, walnut furniture, carpet, and even the blue enamelled toilet-set and the photograph of the King, are all perfect. The King's bath-room is in white and dark-green marble, and has every toilet convenience. A different kind of perfection is seen in the dining-room, the ceiling of which is by Professor

Gerald Moira; there is a portrait group of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort with their children, by McEvoy; while Munnings' portrait*of the Prince of Wales out hunting hangs above the chimneypiece. Every detail, down to the salt-cellars and rolls on the table, is complete.



WITH A TABLE JUST 10 INCHES LONG, AND EQUIPPED TO THE SMALLEST DETAILS, INCLUDING SAUCEPANS AND JARS, ROLLING-PIN, EGG-CUPS, AND EGG-WHISK: THE KITCHEN IN THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE.—[Photographs by Topical.]

The library, twenty-eight inches high, is wainscotted in walnut; the books are bound in red or grey leather, and many of them are written in manuscript by the authors themselves. There are books here by Rudyard Kipling, Robert Bridges, John Galsworthy, John Masefield, Ian Hay, Hugh Walpole, W. W. Jacobs—in fact, it is a collection of the best

modern authors. On one table are writing materials. including a fountain-pen half an inch long; on another are pipes and tobacco. On a third table lie the dispatch-cases of all the Ministers of State, The ceiling is by William Walcot.

The nursery, painted by Edmund Dulac with

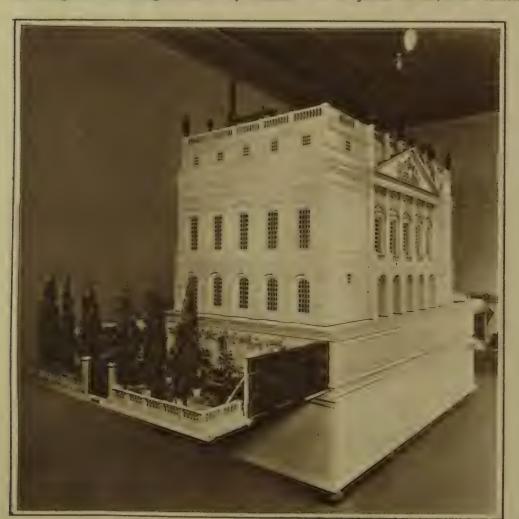
fairy stories, is eight inches high, and contains every toy a child could want, including lead soldiers the size of mosquitoes, a toy train, a model theatre, and a scooter. The ordinary bed-rooms are ten inches wide and eight inches high, each completely furnished down to tooth-brushes three - quarters of an inch long.

There are four bath-rooms, a box - room (eight by ten inches), a strong-room with the Crowns and Sceptres (set with real tiny jewels), and a housemaid's closet, with sinks and Dutch tiles, each one half an inch square. Underneath are store-rooms and wine-cellars, with cases of real Johnnie Walker, and dozens of real claret and champagne, bottled and binned; in the store-rooms are chocolate-boxes, soap, and pots of genuine jam and marmalade.

Electric light is fitted to every room, and — what is more—it works!

Sir Edwin Lutyens, the architect of the Cenotaph, designed the house and all its rooms, and a multitude of famous firms have contributed to its furnishing and decoration.

Her Majesty the Queen, to whom the house will be presented, has supervised its furnishing, and has given many objects herself. The proceeds of the exhibition are to go to charity, and eventually, no doubt, this marvellous miniature building will be enshrined in a museum as a perfect house of 1924, the year of the Empire Exhibition.



SHOWING HOW THE GARDEN CAN BE FOLDED OVER IN FRONT AND PUSHED BACK INTO THE BASEMENT: THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE (8) FT. LONG, 5 FT. HIGH, AND 5 FT. DEEP)—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MODEL BUILDING.



WITH A BALCONY LIKE THAT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE ROYAL ARMS ABOVE AND CARVED HEADS OVER THE WINDOWS: THE MAIN FACADE OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE (5 FT. HIGH).

THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE: I.-ON A SCALE OF ONE INCH TO THE FOOT.

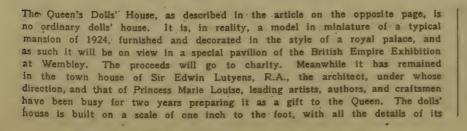
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



CONSTRUCTED OF WHITE AND DARK-GREEN MARBLE, WITH PAINTED CEILING, AND PROVIDED WITH EVERY TOILET REQUISITE IN MINIATURE: THE KING'S BATH-ROOM.



TO HAVE REAL COBWEBS: THE WINE-CELLAR, CONTAINING 43 VARIETIES OF ACTUAL VINTAGES IN TINY BOTTLES, INCLUDING CASES OF MUMM, VEUVE CLICQUOT, POMMERY-GRENO, AND ROEDERER.





WITH AN ELECTRIC READING-LAMP BESIDE THE BED: THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S BED-ROOM, SO WELL PROPORTIONED (1 INCH TO THE FOOT) THAT IT LOOKS LIKE A REAL ROOM.



DECORATED BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON, WITH A WALL PAINTING, "THE EX-PULSION FROM EDEN": THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MARBLE STAIRCASE (31 IN. WIDE) OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE.

contents correct in proportion. Never before has there been seen such an assemblage of minute masterpieces in marble, silver, bronze, wood, paint and lacquer. The wine cellar, illustrated above, is a marvel in itself. All the wines—43 varieties of actual vintages (one of 1872)—have their proper bottles, with tiny labels, corks, and sealing-wax, and a last touch will be added by cobwebs from the smallest spiders. A tiny cellar-book has been prepared, as well as a stud-book of the King's horses. The house and its library will be fully described and illustrated in "The Book of the Queen's Dolls' House" (2 vols.) to be published by Messrs. Methuen.

THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE: II.—THE DINING-ROOM; THE LIBRARY; THE KING'S BED-ROOM; THE QUEEN'S BED-ROOM.



WITH MINIATURE ROYAL PORTRAITS
BY FAMOUS
ARTISTS, INCLUDING THE PRINCE
OF WALES HUNT-ING, BY A. J.
MUNNINGS (OVER
THE CHIMNEY-THE CHIMNEYPIECE), AND A
PAINTED CEILING
BY PROFESSOR
MOIRA: THE
BINING-HOOK
(421 IN. LONG,
20 IN. WIDE, AND
15 IN. HIGH).



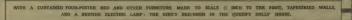




LINED WITH LILLIPUTIAN BOOKS (MANY BY OVER 170 AUTHORS, INCLUID ING KIPLING, THOMAS HARDY, AND BARRIE: THE LIBRARY (28' IN. HIGH), WITH A PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII.









CONTAINING BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES OF CORNER OF THE KING'S BED-ROOM,



WITH PAINTED CEILING BY GLYN PHILPOT, A.R.A., WALNUT FURNITURE, GREY SILK BED-HANGINGS, BLUE ENAMELLED TOILET SET, AND A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KING ON THE DRESSING-TABLE: THE QUEEN'S BED-ROOM (22 INCHES HIGH),

MINIATURE CRAFTSMANSHIP : ANOTHER

SHOWING THE CARVED DOOR.

Perhaps the most wonderful examples of miniature art and craftsmanship in the Queen's Dolls' House (described in our article on page 220) are the Dining-Room, the Library, and the Royal Bed-rooms. So perfect are their proportions (on a scale of one inch to the foot), down to the minutest detail, that it is difficult to believe the photographs do not show real full-sized rooms. The dining-table is only 21 in high, and the chairs just 3 inches. Over the chimneypiece is a portrait of the Prince of Wales in the hunting field, by Mr. A. J. Mannings, the famous sporting straits. To left and right of it are potentiat of Edward III, and James V. of Scotland, by Sir William Liewellyn. At the end of the room is a little copy, by Mr. Ambross McEvor, of Winterhalter's portrait group, "Queen Victoria, the Prince Connort, and Family." The beautiful painted ceiling is the work of Proteosor Gerald Meira.

Many other famous artists have contributed pictures or sculptures, among them Sir William Orpen, Sir John Lavery, and Sir George Frampton. More than 600 British artists in all have joined in providing a unique collection of miniature water-colours, drawings, and etchings, which are stored in the Library. The chelves are filled with tiny volumes, written in autograph manuscript by over 170 well-known living authors, and beautifully bound in leather or veilum. Thus, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has illustrated some of his poems with original drawings; Mr. Thomas Hardy has selected his twelve favourite lyrics; and Sir jumes Barrie has contributed an original autobiography. Other authors represented include Mr. C. K. Chesterton, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and Mr. Joseph Conrad. The Library has reference books -- such as "Whitaker," "Bradshaw," and the "A.B.C. "-- reduced by photography to Lilliputian dimensions.

THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE: IH.-SERVANTS' ROOMS; NURSERY; GARDEN.

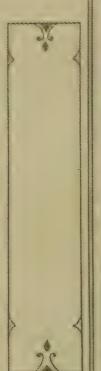
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



SO WELL PROPORTIONED AS TO LOOK JUST LIKE A FULL-SIZED ROOM: THE SECOND MAID'S ROOM (10 IN. WIDE AND 8 IN. HIGH) IN THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE.



WITH TINY HAIR-BRUSHES ON THE DRESSING-TABLE, AND TOOTH-BRUSH AND TUBE OF TOOTH-PASTE ON THE WASH-STAND: THE FOURTH MAN'S ROOM.





PAINTED BY EDMUND DULAC WITH SCENES FROM FAIRY STORIES, AND "FULL OF A NUMBER OF THINGS," INCLUDING A TINY MODEL TRAIN AND STATION, ROCKING-HORSE, PLANO, AND TOY CUPBOARDS: THE DAY NURSERY (8 INCHES HIGH).



WITH LAWNS, FLOWER-BEDS, AND CREEPERS, AND CONTAINING BIRDS, TOAD-STOOLS, 1-8-IN. HIGH, AND A SNAIL! THE GARDEN OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE.



CONTAINING AN ELECTRIC LIFT ON A SCALE OF 1-12TH OF A NORMAL INSTALLATION: THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE—THE LOBBY.

Visitors to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley will be able to inspect every floor of the Queen's Dolls' House, without lying down as Gulliver did to peep through the windows of the Lilliputian palace at Milendo, for the house will be mounted on a stand, and surrounded by a platform of graduated height. Besides the works of art with which the house is filled, there are many fascinating mechanical devices, including an electric installation, which works a wonderful model lift and the lights throughout the building, and also a complete water system. The Day Nursery, it will be seen from the above photograph, contains

a piano, and in this connection we may note that the writer of our Music Notes, Mr. E. J. Dent, will describe the music of the Queen's Dolls' House in the forthcoming book already mentioned. Attached to the house are a garage containing several miniature motor-cars, and a garden, laid out on a folding tray that can be drawn out of the basement and pushed in again. The garden is planted with trees, bushes, flowers and creepers, and is provided with stonework, gates, and garden seats. In it also may be seen a number of birds and even a microscopic snail.

LENIN BURIED TO THE SOUND OF FACTORY SIRENS: THE FUNERAL.



WITH A PORTRAIT OF LENIN AND A BANNER (ON RIGHT) INSCRIBED, "LENIN'S GRAVE, THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY OF ALL MANKIND": CROWDS AT HIS FUNERAL IN RED SQUARE, MOSCOW.



WITH A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE RED ARMY AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY: THE COFFIN DURING THE LYING-IN-STATE IN THE TRADE UNION HALL AT MOSCOW.



SHOWING KALININ (LEFT, IN WHITE-BORDERED COAT), PRESIDENT OF THE RUSSIAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, AND BUCHARIN (RIGHT): MOURNERS AT THE FUNERAL.



WHERE DYNAMITE HAD TO BE USED OWING TO THE GROUND BEING FROZEN TO A DEPTH OF SIX FEET: DIGGING THE GRAVE OF LENIN IN RED SQUARE, MOSCOW, WHERE A TEMPORARY MAUSOLEUM WAS BUILT.



IN HIS WORKING TUNIC, WITH THE DECORATION OF THE RED FLAG ON HIS BREAST THE BODY OF LENIN LYING IN STATE AT MOSCOW.



FORMERLY CHIEF OF THE CHEKA (THE NOTORIOUS RUSSIAN SECRET TRIBUNAL): DZHERZHINSKY (AT THE FRONT OF THE COFFIN) AND KAMENEFF (LEFT) ACTING AS BEARERS.

The funeral of Lenin took place in Moscow on January 27, and the ceremonies, which began at 9 a.m., lasted over seven hours, although the Trade Union Hall, where the body had been lying in state, is only five minutes' walk from the grave in the Red Square. In digging the grave dynamite had to be used, as the ground was frozen so hard. A temporary mausoleum had been erected, and the coffin was placed outside it until four o'clock in the afternoon, when it was taken within and lowered into the grave. At that moment all traffic was stopped throughout the country for five minutes, and all factory sirens were sounded for three minutes, a significant contrast to the "Great Silence" observed here

on Armistice Day. The German Ambassador (Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau), representing the Diplomatic Corps, placed a wreath on the coffin. to preserve the embalmed body of Lenin in a glass-lidded coffin to be on view for years as a source of "consolation and inspiration," and a permanent vault and mausoleum will be built next spring. Meanwhile the body lies in a reddraped oak coffin within a windowed wooden structure lit by electricity. Lenin's brain and heart have been placed in an urn for preservation at the Lenin Institute. Monuments to him are to be set up in various cities, and Petrograd has been renamed Leningrad.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE AARD VARK, OR EARTH PIG.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

TWO animals of quite exceptional interest have just been added to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London. These are "Aard-Varks," or "Earth-pigs." They are indeed welcome additions, for it is many years since one of these bizarre-looking creatures was to be seen in the Gardens. Since those

days great advances have been made in the methods of feeding creatures which have to be put on a "special diet"; hence they will probably long continue to form one of the many things worth seeing at the "Zoo." Having but just arrived from Abyssinia, it will probably be some days before they will be added to the general collection, for it is the very prudent custom here, nowadays, to keep new-comers in an isolation ward, where they can be carefully watched for any signs of infectious disease.

When at last they become accessible, they will probably cause most people who see them for the first time to give a gasp of surprise, for they really are most weirdlooking beasts. None will demur as to the appropriateness of the Boer name "Earthat any rate as a generally descriptive title; though a very little reflection will show that its porcine affinities are more imaginary than real. It will immediately become apparent that the "piggy appearance is due to the tubular snout and long ears. But head and ears alike are far too long and narrow for a pig; while the feet are not cloven-hoofed, but instead bear numerous toes, armed with very for-

midable-looking claws. Finally, the tail is the very antithesis of that of the pig, since it is really of great size, tapering gently from the body to a point.



SHOWING A "PALISADE" OF HAIRS ALONG THE INNER BORDER OF THE PALM: A FORE-FOOT OF AN AARD-VARK.

In colour it is of a dull, ashy grey as to the upper parts, while the legs are almost black. The skin is but sparsely covered with extremely short, almost bristle-like hairs. On the legs this hair is longer, but still not thick enough to conceal the skin; while the throat and under parts display no more than a few scattered hairs. The ears are absolutely bare. It has fallen to my good fortune to have two of these strange creatures to dissect. They, too, were destined for the "Zoo," but died as they were landed at the docks. And so I shall be able to correct one or two statements which have been made, and are being copied from one text-book to another as statements of fact. But they are not.

In the first place, we are told that the skin is very thick. This is certainly not true. Not even on the back could this skin be accurately described as "thick." There are hairs on the snout and feet which demand very special notice. The hairs of the feet to which I would draw attention are those which form a kind of "palisade" along the inner border of the palm. They are well shown in the above photograph of the left fore-foot, though their recurved tips tend to hide the "palisade" effect presented along the palmar edge. What purpose can they serve? It is a very curious fact that hairy fringes of this type occur both in burrowing animals and many aquatic species-such, for example, as watershrews. The shortness of the outer toe and the huge size of the claws are well seen here. No great weight seems to be thrown on the palmar surface of the

foot in walking, since there are no callosities. Even the skin at the base of the claws is quite smooth and soft.

The muzzle is quite hairy, while the nostrils are entirely hidden by a veritable forest of long, stiff hairs, whose purpose seems to be to serve to protect the openings of the nostrils against the entry of ants,



"MOST WEIRD-LOOKING," LIKE THE TWO NEW LIVING SPECIMENS AT THE "ZOO": AN AARD-VARK (EARTH-PIG), SHOWING THE PIG-LIKE HEAD WITH LONG EARS, LONG FLAT TONGUE (FOR LICKING UP ANTS), AND THICK, TAPERING TAIL.

A photograph of one of the living Aard-varks from Abyssinia just placed in the "Zoo" appeared in our issue of February 2.—[Photographs by E. J. Manly.]

on which the creature feeds. The mouth is very different from that of the great South American anteater, or from that of the strange pangolin, or manis,

which is also an African species. For in these two it is a mere slit, no larger than will serve to afford exit for the long, worm-like tongue. In the aard - vark the lower jaw terminates squarely, is fairly wide, and falls considerably short of the end of the snout. The tongue, which can be thrust out a good ten inches, is thick and band-like. During life it is covered with a copious secretion of sticky saliva, formed by two great glands extending along the neck as far back as the breast-bone.

I am anxious to discover whether this saliva has the same curious property as that of the South American ant-eater. Some years ago I remember seeing one of these animals lap up milk from a shallow dish. This was done by extremely rapid movements of the tongue, down which the saliva could be seen pouring. In a surprisingly short space of time that milk was converted into a sort of "junket," which could then be much more easily taken into the mouth.

In a wild state the aard-vark lives upon ants and the so-called "white ants," or termites. The latter are extremely destructive crea-

tures, especially to wood-work, wooden posts and furniture being destroyed within an incredibly short space of time. And their ravages escape notice till remedy is too late, for they drive interminable tunnels in all directions, but always leaving the outer surface untouched; thus a seemingly solid post proves, when examined, to be no more than a frail filigree of wood within a thin outer shell. Hence this animal, from an economic point of view, is extremely valuable, for it plays a very important part in keeping these pestiferous insects in check. It is estimated that the loss of property in South Africa due to the raids of termites exceeds one million pounds annually.

In attacking an ant-hill a breach is made through the walls of the "hive," and the ants are captured in myriads, as they rush out, by thrusting the sticky tongue into the swarming hosts, when it is instantly covered with their writhing bodies and withdrawn into the mouth. The roof of this cavity is provided

with numerous deep, hard ridges, and these doubtless assist in clearing the tongue.

The burrowing powers of this animal are almost incredible. It is said that they can delve into the ground as fast, or faster, than a couple of men armed with pick and shovel can dig. Such a race with death the poor aard-vark is often compelled to run, for the colonists dislike it and the natives have a fondness for it—cooked! It lives in burrows, and has few

really formidable enemies, for it is prodigiously strong. The leopard will often attack it, but, in spite of the laceration inflicted by its teeth and claws, the intended victim will contrive to escape by digging itself in before it is seriously crippled. The cheetah, the lion, the Cape hunting-dog, and the python are

also fond of the "earth-pig." The python mostly attacks the young animal, following it down to its underground refuge. Having killed his victim, by constriction, it swallows the body and remains in the burrow to sleep off the effect of its surfeit.

"Consider the earth-pig and its ways." The more this injunction is obeyed the more wonderful the creature becomes. To begin with, it is but one of many creatures, furred and feathered, which have undergone special and profound structural modifications to enable them to prey upon ants, which, on account of the acrid formic acid which they secrete, are by most creatures left severely alone. To "tap" this almost untouched source of food, however, "anteaters" of whatever kind have had to "specialise," and in so far as they have succeeded, in so far have they put themselves out of touch with more normal neighbours.

The ant-eaters all, whether birds or beasts, have developed excessively long tongues and huge salivary glands. The mammals have undergone further specialisation, in that they have lost their teeth. The "earth-pig," it is true, is something of an exception to this rule, since it still retains a few "cheek-teeth," mere columns

of bone, but structurally unique. They have their parallel, indeed, only in certain fishes.

Compare, again, the two African ant-eaters—the aard - vark and the manis. The latter is a most extraordinary creature; for in place of hair its body is encased within an armour of large, flat, horny scales overlapping one another like the tiles on a roof. It lives largely in trees, and will often assume a most singular posture when at rest. Grasping the bark with the powerful hind-feet and claws, it will bend the body backwards till it stands out horizontally at right angles to the trunk of the tree, its weight being supported by the great tail, which is pressed flat against the trunk. At such times the fore-legs are drawn in close to the body, so that the creature comes to present so strong a likeness to a broken bough as to escape the notice of possible enemies. The transformation of its primitive covering of hair into horny scales is in itself a wonderful thing.

The South American ant-bear, again, contrasts strongly with both. For here we have a very riot of hairiness, especially in regard to the tail. Why does it need such a tail? One asks this question with the more interest because there are several species



WITH NOSTRILS PROTECTED BY HAIRS TO PREVENT THE ENTRY OF ANTS, ON WHICH IT FEEDS: THE FRONT OF AN AARD-VARK'S SNOUT.

in Central and South America which are arboreal, and these have prehensile tails.

Finally, though the aard - vark is an "ant-eater," it is doubtful whether it is in any way related either to the manis or to the South American ant-eaters. Those whose business it is to classify animals are much exercised as to this point. It has been hinted that it may prove to be more nearly related to the "Ungulates." But that is another story.

THE KING OF BEASTS IN TUTANKHAMEN ART: A GOLDEN LION.

REPRODUCED UNDER THE ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. HOWARD CAPTER GIVING THE SOLF COLOUR RIGHTS IN CONNECTION WITH TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



A ROYAL EMBLEM 3200 YEARS AGO: A LION HEAD "OF STARTLING REALISM," COVERED IN GOLD, WITH INLAID EYES AND NOSE OF LAPIS LAZULI, FROM ONE OF THE THREE GREAT ANIMAL COUCHES IN THE ANTECHAMBER

We offer here another addition to the series of colour reproductions (appearing exclusively in our pages) of the many masterpieces of ancient Egyptian art found in Tutankhamen's tomb. The necessity of seeing them in their actual colours (as revealed only in our autochromes taken direct from the originals) in order to appreciate them fully, is once more emphasised by the splendour of this magnificent head. To understand this, one need only compare it with the black-and-white photograph of the same subject given in our issue of January 5. The head is of carved wood covered with gesso and overlaid with thin gold. Vol. I. of "The Tomb of Tutankhamen," by Mr. Howard Carter and Mr. A. C. Mace, describes their

first sight of the animal couches as they peered through a hole into the antechamber. "Gradually the scene grew clearer, and we could pick out individual objects. . . . Opposite to us . . . were three great gilt couches, their sides carved in the form of monstrous animals, curiously attenuated in body, as they had to be to serve their purpose, but with heads of startling realism. Uncanny beasts enough to look upon at any time: seen as we saw them, their brilliant gilded surfaces picked out of the darkness by our electric torch, as though by limelight, their heads throwing grotesque distorted shadows on the wall behind them, they were almost terrifying." Luxor is now full of tourists who have come to visit the tomb.

IN THE MISTS OF THE MORNING AT MONTE CARLO.

FROM THE PAINTING BY C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



The drawing illustrates the early morning arrival of a large steam yacht at Monte Carlo.' She enters the harbour of Monaco under the shadow of the Rock, passing through the entrance marked by twin lighthouses, which show respectively red and green lights, to mark the port and starboard breakwaters.

Above the morning mist are the Casino and the Hötel de Paris, with the mountain in the background. "The harbour of Monaco to-day," wrote the late Sir Frederick Treves in "The Riviera of the Corniche Road" (Cassell), lately reprinted, "is a model harbour as perfect as the art of the engineer can

THE MOST ROMANTIC WAY TO ARRIVE AT MONTE CARLO: A STEAM YACHI ENTERING THE HARBOUR OF MONACO BETWEEN THE TWIN LIGHTHOUSES-WITH THE CASINO AND THE HOTEL DE PARIS GLIMMERING THROUGH THE MORNING MIST.

> make it. . . . The basin itself can accommodate a fleet of yachts. This haven, which has sheltered the very earliest forms of seagoing ship, now sheltersin the regatta season—the latest development of the motor-boat and the racing launch. History repeats itself. There was amazement at Monaco when the first hydroplane dropped on the water by the harbour's mouth; there was amazement also, centuries ago, when the loungers about the beach saw enter the new ship, the astounding vessel that was propelled, not by paddles or oars, but by sails."

WINTER IN THE HIGHLANDS: THE ANTLERED KING'S DOMAIN.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LIONEL EDWARDS. (COPYRIGHTED)



"ONE DAY WILL BE CLOUDLESS, WITH A MEDITERRANEAN SKY": THE CHANGEFUL WINTER BEAUTY OF THE SCOTTISH HILLS, ABOUNDING IN WILD LIFE, "UNLIKE THE UNCANNY SILENCE OF THE ALPS."

That blue skies and glistening snow, beloved of the ski-er, may be found nearer home than Switzerland, is evident from this picture. It recalls Captain H. H. M. Spink's description of the Cairngorms as a ski-ing ground published, with photographs, in our issue of January 191 "a world of glorious slopes, of rocks and cairns feathered with frost crystals, and of mighty, cornice-capped crags towering

over lochs buried deep in snow." Elsewhere he writes, of the same hills: "Unlike the uncanny silence of the Alps, you will be gladdened by the sight and sound of wild life in plenty ptarmigan, grouse, foxes, hares, snow-buntings, and golden eagles, to name only a few. One day will be cloudless, with a Mediterranean sky; the next will find you, compass in hand, battling your way through mist."

PERUVIAN HEADS WHICH "DESCENDED" FROM JARS: PORTRAITS IN CLAY.

"THE ART OF OLD PERU." Edited by DR. WALTER LEHMANN.*

MONG the cultures of South America, certain people of the Cordilleras and of the narrow strip of seacoast in front of them unquestionably occupy the first place. These are situated within the sphere of Peruvian culture, whose influence, partly in successive waves, was powerful beyond modern Peru to north, south, and east, but which in turn had also received fertile stimulation from other countries of South and Central America." Dr. Walter Lehmann, and none studying "The Art of Old Peru" is likely to dissent from his judgment. Whether "geometrical" or naturalistic, the works reproduced are remarkable. And they embrace well-defined styles, treatments, and techniques which cannot be placed definitely in chronological order-a fact which makes their fascination the greater, adding mystery to them. It may be that "a pure naturalism was the beginning of all human art. Such a view would be supported by the prehistoric wall-paintings in the caves of Altamira, frequently compared with the paintings of the Bushmen, which belong to a comparatively late period. Primitive man lives in such intimate dependence on nature that it completely dominates all his feelings" But it is obvious that expression is necessarily confined



WITH WALLS OF MANY-CORNERED LIMESTONE BLOCKS:
THE FORTRESS SACSAHUAMAN, NEAR CUZCO.
"The blocks are fitted with such accuracy that not the slightest

"The blocks are fitted with such accuracy that not the slightest trace of a join is visible. Apparently it was the great blocks whose natural form was taken into account, and the smaller blocks were chosen to fit their outlines."

and forced into certain forms by the materials at hand and the purpose of the articles adorned.

"Before the discovery of the primary crafts, plaiting, weaving, and pottery, the creative impulse was restricted to painting, drawing, and carving.

"The living coloured animal pictures of Altamira, the naturalistic bone-carvings of Ancient Europe, are the product of emotionally-coloured first impressions.

"Was it possible after the invention of the mechanical handicrafts to express personal experiences in mats, baskets, and vases? Scarcely: for here the inherent law and regularity of the prescribed medium hindered a purely naturalistic style. It is much more difficult to introduce an animal as a pattern into a piece of plaited work or tapestry than to make a plaited doll of a whole animal in three dimensions.

"If one had not chosen clay, stone, and wood for sculpture, which is quite as old as naturalistic painting, but which, on account of the difficulty of the material, is far from possessing anything of the same freedom and ease in execution as painting, an untrammelled naturalism would have been altogether impossible in the mechanical crafts. On the contrary, plaiting, which, with net-making, was a fore-runner of weaving, involves the development of linear and primary geometrical patterns, which appear of themselves in their simplest form."

"The Art of Old Peru," . Under the Editorship of Walter Lehmann, M.D., Ph.D., Director of the Ethnological Institute of the Berlin Ethnographical Museum; Assisted by Heinrich Doering, Ph.D. With 12 Coloured Plates, 128 Collotype Plates, and many other Illustrations. (Ernest Benn, Ltd., Loudon; £5 5s. uet.)



MUCH SUGGESTING A CHICAMA CLAY HEAD ILLUSTRATED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES: THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE PORTRAIT "MEDAL" OF "GENTILE BELLINI," BY VETTOR GAMBELEO, THE VENETIAN, MASTER OF THE PAPAL MINT, 1514-19.

demand adaptation of the realistic to the limitations of particular crafts; the third at its best is most admirably illustrated by finely wrought heads of the type pictured on the next two pages.

Let us turn attention to these particular heads. Most of them come from Chicama. "Probably prepared from smaller clay heads," they "owe their origin to the powerful impulses of a new age, which brought forth a generation of strong, commanding personalities such as the Incas. Comparing them with the earlier head-jars, one is tempted to consider the unusually individualised Chicama heads . . . as the product of a Chimu Renaissance."

Dr. Doering notes: "One would point to the famous heads of the Valle de Chicama to show that, on the coast also, works of art were possible which unite proportion and repose with intense inner life. But in a moment one sees clearly that these plastic works of the coast belong specially to the northern coast. The form is only slightly conventionalised, and it is precisely the individual traits which are conventionalised. This emphasis of the individual is an essential characteristic of the northern coastal districts. The individual lacks symmetry to a certain extent, and a tendency to conventionalise especi-

ally the traits which make up the individual includes a tendency to asymmetry in the composition. Con-

sider the head of the oneeyed man [No. 6 on the following pages] . . . the lack of equality in the form of the individual is nowhere removed by conventionalisation towards the type, but it is precisely this lack of equality, the individual, which is conventionalised. The style of representation never freed itself from the asymmetry caused by an eye being gone, by a wart or small irregularities in the features. . . . As for the southern coast, one could bring forward the fragments of red clay-heads from the district of Nazca . to show that here a style of conventionalisation is given expression which should properly, after what has been said, be characteristic of the highlands. . . . But the near relationship of the Nazca heads with Tiahuanaco is beyond doubt, and we do not see in them creations purely of the coast, but a fusion of the styles of the southern highlands and of the southern coast in plastic art."

Further, as to these contrasted "schools":
"The pottery of the coast attained two opposed heights: to the south in Nazca, and in the Valle de Chicama in the north. Nazca is poor in modelled forms and rich in strong,

Broadly, there are the conventional, the geometrical - naturalistic, and the naturalistic, both primitive and of high merit.

The first is seen in balanced decoration, the mere pattern or the symmetrical grouping of signs and symbols; the second, in representations of familiar objects

embellishing articles which and poor in colour." The Nazca heads emphasise the typical. "The heads of the Valle de Chicama are conventionalised individuals: portraits. They still often have the stirrup handle, but can scarcely be considered any longer as vessels. Clay in the form of three-dimensional solid sculpture cannot be fired. It would crack. The hollow form is therefore necessary. The steam formed by the firing must escape through openings. Over these openings, stirrup handles were fixed, because the heads had earlier originated from jars.

"The use of moulds was very widespread. Original sculptures are not common. They may

brilliant colours. Chicama is rich in sculptured forms

"The use of moulds was very widespread. Original sculptures are not common. They may be recognised by the numerous traces of the modelling-tool which add a strong technical charm to the work. From such original works moulds were made, in which



AS SMOOTH AS IF POLISHED—AND A RELIC OF THE MOST FAMOUS BUILDING OF THE INCA KINGDOM: WALLS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN (CORICANCHA, THE GOLD COURT), CUZCO. "The joins of the hewn stones are so fine that the round wall has almost the effect of an engraved plate. Each stone is cut to allow exactly for the curve of the wall and for its inclination to the upper edge. According to Garcilasso de la Vega, the temple wall had on the outside surface a frieze made from thin beaten plates of gold."

Illustrations (with the exception of the "Medal") reproduced from "The Art of Old Peru," by Courtesy of the Editor and of the Publishers, Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd.

the face could be repeatedly cast. Thus the same head can be seen in various collections, only differently

coloured, and with differently shaped head and neck cloths; for these do not seem to have been taken from a mould. The faces from the moulds are smooth, and bear no trace of the modelling hand."

faces from the moulds are smooth, and bear no trace of the modelling hand."

So much for the heads we present, and for their companions from what was the greatest state of Ancient America; treasure-trove from the oft-plundered sand which was to yield such glories to the pick and shovel of the archwologistex plores.

was the greatest state of Ancient America; treasuretrove from the oft-plundered sand which was to yield such glories to the pick and shovel of the archæologist-explorer. "The Art of Old Peru" contains much else, ex-cellently reproduced in colours, in collotype, and in monochrome. Buildings, fabrics, articles of use and of ornamental value, drawings, paintings, carvings and sculptures, beaten gold - work and silver - work, reliefs on granite, tapestries, man and the beasts of the fields, birds of the air, fishes of the sea, creeping and crawling things, the subtle serpent—all pay their eloquent tribute to their makers, to those who fashioned them for the delectation of their fellows, and the delight of those who were to follow. There is not an illustration that is not of value, a witness to the charms of virile arts and crafts of days long



THE TOP OF THE HEAD: SHOWING THAT IT "DESCENDED" FROM THE JAR FORM: A CLAY HEAD FROM THE VALLE DE CHICAMA (HEIGHT: 26.1 CM.)
As is noted in the article, these portrait-heads were made of clay, and had an opening at the top, so that the steam could escape while they were being fired, and cracking thus be avoided. A stirrup handle placed over the hole,

as in this case, does not by any means necessarily indicate that the head was used as a vessel, but shows merely that these portrait-heads "descended" from jars.

VALLE DE

CHICAMA.

PERUVIAN ANTIQUITIES SUGGESTING WORK OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE: REMARKABLE PORTRAIT-HEADS IN "JAR" FORM.

ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM "THE ART OF OLD PERU," BY COURTESY OF THE | EDITOR, AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS, ERNEST BENN, LTD. (SEE PAGE 231.)

BECAUSE SUCH

FROM JARS:

17 CM. WITHOUT

HANDLE).







WITH THE MIDDLE OF THE FACE AND THE NECK UNPAINTED: A CLAY HEAD FROM THE VALLE DE CHICAMA. (HEIGHT: 26 CM.)

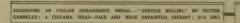






A CONVENTIONALISED INDIVIDUAL; A PORTRAIT OF THE TYPE FOUND IN THE NORTHERN PART OF THE COAST: A HEAD FROM CHIMBOTE. (HEIGHT: 16 CM.)







WITH TRACES OF THE MODELLING INSTRUMENTS NOTICEABLE: A HEAD OF A ONE-EYED MAN, FROM CHICAMA-FACE AND NECK UNPAINTED. (HEIGHT: 29 CM.)



OF A SCHOOL RICH IN SCULPTURED FORMS AND FOOR IN COLOUR, BUT EFFECTIVE WITHAL: A HEAD FROM CHIMBOTE. (HEIGHT: 18 CM.)

As is noted in our article on the same subject, these remarkably fine sculptured heads from Old Peru are of especial interest in that they represent. the naturalistic, as opposed to the "geometrical," school of work: indeed, they suggest, in several instances, products of the Italian Renaissance-notably the head which is No. 5 in these pages, which is astonishingly like Vettor Gambeleo's portrait "medal" of Gentile Bellini. The heads are of clay, and, in many cases, must have been made from moulds, which were in frequent use. This accounts for the fact that the same head appears in various collections, although the head-cloths and neck-cloths of these heads are not the same, as these were not east in the moulds. The hole at the top of the head

was made so that the steam might escape during the firing of the piece; otherwise, it would crack. The stirrup-handle so frequently seen does not necessarily imply that the heads were used as vessels; it is merely a survival, showing that these portrait-heads derived from the older heads used as jars. Particular attention may be called to No. 6 on our pages -- the head of a one-eyed man: traces of the modelling instruments are distinctly noticeable on this, and it is more than probable that it is an original work; not one cast from a mould. In a later issue we hope to be able to publish examples of the sculptures and other representations of animals-from the same exceedingly valuable book.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



EMPIRE THEATRICAL FESTIVAL.—REPERTORY: THE THIN END.

ONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Walter Payne, President of the West End Theatre Managers, for an excellent suggestion to the Critics' Circle, an approchement to whom is one of the happier signs of the times. He suggests an Empire Festival Week, in connection with the great Exhibition, some time in May or June, when London will be a Western Mecca. There should be lectures by dramatists, actors, producers, designers, critics; there should be a competition among the academies, and a series of special theatrical articles in the Press. He might have added that a small exhibition of scenic designs and costumes in one of the Wembley buildings would be an attraction. The young generation is hard at work on the pictorial side of the theatre, and recently, at Aubrey Hammond's exhibition of designs at the Piccadilly Hall, there was a vivid demonstration of how rich is the fantasy and enterprise of young artists like himself who have scoured the world in quest of knowledge, and have come home richly laden with experience and emboldened to give originality a free rein. If all the designers would combine, we could vastly improve on the exhibition of scenery which came to us via Amsterdam, and in which our own artists played but a second fiddle. We have plenty of designers applying themselves to the art of the theatre to make a proud show for our fellow-lieges of Empire from across the seas. Ambition, ability, and activity are literally running riot in many studios, and all that is wanted is a well-organised manifestation. By all means let us have lectures, but ocular evidence goes much further than discourse. A short visit of people who casually wander through a hall to see things has greater effect than one man's plea in a lecture-room—the last place visitors would seek in summer-time when out for pleasure and information.

But the most salient point of Mr. Payne's most happy thought is the wish to give half-a-dozen plays illustrative of the standard of the drama in England. Well planned and well carried out, it is sure to be an enormous success. Fancy a week like this—

A Shakespearean play by the Old Vic. Company, A Goldsmith play by Everyman, Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells," Barrie's "Admirable Crichton," Jones's "Liars," Shaw's "Candida,"

and, to complete the cycle, two matinées: a play of the Manchester school and Munro's "Rumour."

It is difficult to compress evolution into eight short chapters of demonstration, but I contend that, on the whole, my tentative selection (open to correction in detail) covers the ground and is a thumbnail of the trend of thought of generations.

Of course, these performances must be as perfect as circumstances would permit: 'there must be no confusion of "scratch" companies, no attempt to make it a kind of temporary aid to unemployed actors.

We should look to the stars, if possible, to re-create the parts which they played when the works of the modern authors saw the light—at any rate, to find the next best, if the original artists are no longer available; we should expect first-rate producers to stand at the helm; we should appeal to the young scenic artists to design the scenery and the costumes. The whole scheme should be carried out to mark a historical histrionic event. Hence, all depends on the man selected to be the chief organiser of the Festival Week, and much on financial aid. That the performances will pay their way, that the authorities of the Exhibition, if the plan is placed before them cut and dried, would allow a grant, we may safely accept. But that is not enough. Some know, from former World Exhibitions, that, unless a proper estimate is formed and backed by money in the bank, the end, despite success, means trouble and deficit. Nothing is so uncertain as theatrical speculations, and generally, where they are concerned, things pan out differently from what was expected as per plan," as we used to read in war-time.

Hence, before plunging into the deep from the crest of the waves of enthusiasm, it would be a good policy for the Managers and the Critics—if indeed they become allies, which would be like a dream of the Millennium—to go, plan and campaign in hand, to some powerful friends of the theatre and invite them to head a list of guarantors with their names, and then to call for more support urbi et orbi by Press and plea. It is a scheme not to be carried out on the cheap—it is a case of a few thousands, not a few hundreds. Let it not be forgotten. But look what



A NOTABLE DÉBUT AT COVENT GARDEN: MISS BLANCHE SCANDINA, WHO SANG AS QUEEN OF THE NIGHT IN "THE MAGIC FLUTE."

Miss Blanche Scandina, a young American singer trained in France, made her first appearance on any stage in the matinée of 4" The Magic Flute" at Covent Garden on January 30, and scored a marked success. This was the second production of Mozart's work by the British National Opera Company this season.

we may get at the price! Will it not be a wonderful stimulus to all that is being done for the cause of our theatres to hear the Sons of Empire from all parts of the globe proclaiming soundness and development of the theatre in the land of Shakespeare?

Alas poor Birmingham! What a loss, what a void, this sad and sudden departure of the Repertory

Theatre in the hey-day of its glory! There is but one consolation to be proffered to the forsaken city, and it is this: if the Birmingham Theatre had a short life, it was a merry one, and one worth living; with a grand finale that will live in the history of our drama as, perhaps, the most notable feature in the first quarter of this century. The production of "Back to Methuselah" has made Birmingham famous all the world over beyond the lustre of its industry. In Continental papers I have seen Birmingham praised as an English Bayreuth-and well deserved was that homage. For, while London let Shaw's great work slumber between covers, Birmingham, at the ensign of Barry Jackson, was put to the test and stood it splendidly. For five days it went steadfastly to the theatre to see the quintology, and thus it cast into the shade London's feat of prewar days when it worshipped at Wagner's shrine in continuous devotion to the "Ring."

What Birmingham will do now is on the knees of the gods; perhaps one of Barry Jackson's young men will press on where the leader left off; perhaps the City Fathers will cast their eyes on the fine example of Bristol, acquire the little theatre, and lend it rent free to him who is willing to take up Jackson's succession. Much may be expected from Birmingham, which has ever bid for a foremost place in the world of art, and, especially in the cult of music, has proved a rival to the Metropolis.

Meanwhile the Birmingham Repertory Theatre will be rechristened, with "London" as prefix; the Court Theatre will be its home; and those who love the drama foster hopes that their day-dreams will materialise in the permanent establishment of Repertory. It would be premature to speculate as to Mr. Barry Jackson's policy, although his record, culminating in "The Immortal Hour" and "Back to Methuselah" is of happy augury. There will be open-sesame for new thoughts and new forms, and the beginning with "Back to Methusalah" will be a direct challenge to our public. If Shaw's play draw sufficient numbers to create an even balanceone does not like to say "make it pay" where a purely artistic enterprise is concerned—the answer will be given in the affirmative to the perennial question:
"Does London really want a Repertory Theatre?" It has been tried often and failed; not exactly because the public held aloof—there were not sufficient resources to continue the work. There is no fear of that under Mr. Barry Jackson's leadership. He has the ships, he has the men, he has the money too. Others had the former two, but not the latter. And, as in the case of matrimony, a happy existence of a Repertory Theatre is largely a matter of money.

This brings me to a very important point to be settled at the outset—namely, the prices of admission. Those who really love and support the theatre in London are people ready to spend, but of small purses. Twelve-shilling stalls and half-guinea dress circles are beyond their means, and many stand aloof

because the cheaper seats are both uncomfortable and laborious to obtain. If Mr., Barry Jackson wishes the Repertory Theatre to stand on its own legs after the preliminary outlay for his first productions, he would be well advised to lower the standard prices and to let all seats be booked; if he were to charge 7s. 6d. for stalls and 6s. for the dress-circle, he could count on the support of the middle purses, to which at present a theatre evening means, all told, a "mint" of money; and if he would allow the patrons of pit and gallery to book, he would prove a real friend to the thousands of workers employment, afford the time to wait in queues or to pay messengerboys as locum tenentes.

As one who has some experience—dearly bought—of Repertory in London, I can assure Mr. Jackson that the prices of admission are the thin end of the wedge, for artistically his success is secured. Once it is known that the best plays and the best acting can be seen by Everyman at Everyman's price: "House Full" will be the order of the day. For then the Court Theatre will be to the West what the Old Vic is across the water: the People's Theatre, thriving by the people's patronage.



"THE MASTERSINGERS" AT COVENT GARDEN — AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE PERFORMANCE: WALTHER (MR. TUDOR DAVIES) SINGING BEFORE THE MASTER-SINGERS IN THE FESTIVAL MEADOW.

"The Mastersingers" was given by the British National Opera Company at Covent Garden on January 29. Besides Mr. Tudor Davies, the cast included Miss Miriam Licette, Miss Constance Willis, and Messrs. Browning Mummery, Robert Parker, William Michael, Robert Radford, and Frederic Collier.

The "Times" Photograph, taken from the Auditorium by a new Method.

THE PREMIER "ABANDONS CARE" AT CHEOUERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., G.P.U., AND FARRINGDON PHOTO, Co.



LIVING UP TO THE MOTTO OVER A GATEWAY IN THE GROUNDS— "ABANDON CARE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE": MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND HIS DAUGHTER JOAN IN THE GREAT HALL AT CHEQUERS.

CHEQUERS was owned for nearly 350 years (1254-1597) by the Hawtrey family, who twice rebuilt it. Later, it passed to the Crokes, one of whom married John Thurbarne, M.P. On his death in 1712 the house went to his only child, Joanna, who married first Colonel Revett (killed at Malplaquet) and, as her second husband, John Russell, a son of Sir John Russell, fourth Baronet, whose wife was the youngest daughter of Oliver Cromwell. It was through the marriage of John Russell and Joanna that the existing collection of Cromwell relics and pictures came to Chequers. Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham became life tenants of the estate in 1909. They afterwards purchased the freehold and presented it to the nation in 1921.



THE FIRST LABOUR PRIME MINISTER INTERESTED IN THE ART TREASURES AT CHEQUERS: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND HIS DAUGHTER JOAN LOOKING AT REMBRANDT'S PICTURE, "THE MATHEMATICIAN."



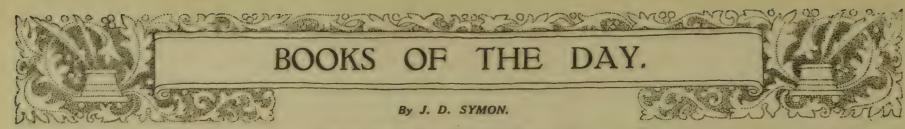
WITH HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER, ISHBEL (SEATED) WHO ACTS AS HOSTESS, AND HIS SECOND DAUGHTER, JOAN: THE PREMIER IN THE LIBRARY AT CHEQUERS.



A RELIC OF THE PROTECTOR AT CHEQUERS: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND HIS DAUGHTER JOAN LOOKING AT THE DEATH-MASK OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

During the week-end February 2-4 Mr. Ramsay Macdonald paid his first visit to Chequers, the historic mansion in the Chilterns presented to the nation by Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham as the official country residence of the Prime Minister of the day. Over a quaint old gateway leading into part of the grounds is an inscription: "All care abandon, ye who enter here"—a variant, in one important word ("care" instead of "hope") from the fabled legend at the entrance to a less attractive domain. To judge from our photographs, Mr. Macdonald succeeded in throwing off the cares of state in a manner in keeping with the spirit of the place. He was accompanied by his eldest daughter, Ishbel,

who will act as hostess at Chequers and Downing Street, and his second daughter, Joan. His youngest daughter is named Sheila. Miss Macdonald is reported to have considered the house "rather too stately to be homely." The new Premier was much interested in the art treasures and historical relics at Chequers, some of which were illustrated in our issue of December 22 last. Rembrandt's picture "The Mathematician," hangs in the great hall, with a small portrait of an old woman, also attributed to Rembrandt, beneath it. There are many mementoes of Oliver Cromwell (including his death-mask), which came there as described in the note above.



Now that the tide of spring publications has begun to flow in carnest, the problem is, how to do justice to all the new books. With the best will in the world, a reviewer can get through only a moderate number of volumes per week, and, unless he is exceptionally gifted, the number cannot exceed half a dozen. That means one book per day, if he is to be allowed a rest on Sunday. Even then, it is far too big a swallow. He cannot expect, on these terms, to offer his readers anything approaching valuable criticism. Consequently, he has to fall back upon the gentle art of writing round the books, and, if he be wise in his generation, he will somehow manage to suggest that he does not pretend to do anything more. This policy of self-defence is not unnecessary, for sometimes the reviewers themselves are reviewed.

This pleasing surgical operation was performed by a writer in the January number of the American Bookman, to which professional reviewers must turn not only with curiosity, but with fear and trembling. Although the publication is American, the article strikes shrewdly home to the heart of the British critic, for the writer is the Bookman's London correspondent, who deals very faithfully with the reviewers of this country. He has weighed them in the balance, and for the most part he finds them wanting. Even when the criticism has literary merit, this is frequently discounted by lack of the essential virtue of promptness. Papers, again, that are too prompt receive a rap over the knuckles for superficiality. In lamentably few cases can the just judge discover the Golden Mean.

A few weighty critical journals, it appears, publish reviews long after the books have been forgotten—an extreme case is cited where the period was two years after publication. Excellence of quality seems to be nowhere discernible, the standard is said to be only "moderately high." The list of the periodicals thus taken to task contains the most august names, but not that of this Journal. Consequently, I can still sing with Théophile Gautier, "Plus grand dans most obscurité."

The most entrancing part of the indictment, however, is the analysis not so much of reviews as of reviewers. The writer, of his deep experience in the craft, knows exactly what sort of work any particular sort of person will turn out, and his paragraph therefore provides long-suffering authors with a valuable key to criminal practice. For instance, as a general statement by way of introduction, this critic of critics assures us that reviews are generally written by very old men or by very young men, or by women. In that sentence he seemed to hold by the old maxim that women and music should never be dated; but a line or two further on he distinguishes between women old and women young, and consequently he must lose marks for a failure in chivalry. To return to his index or key to literary malefactors: you shall know that if the review is "truckling and overgenerous," the writer is an old man. This is a melancholy reflection on senility—but worse is to come: if the review of your book, unfortunate Author, is "dreadful," then be well assured that it is written by an old woman. To not a few authors it must seem that the majority of reviews are the work of ladies well stricken in years. Now, perpend.

Enough of age. Youth will be served, and youth gets its turn with a good round hand; but, in order to avoid partiality, the prosecutor lumps the young of both sexes indiscriminately together. Perhaps the task of distinguishing between them was beyond the power of this most acute censor. Be that as it may, here are the marks of mouth by which young men and young women reviewers are to be known. Their "reviews are more often than not written to display more the eleverness of the writer of the review than the character of the book under notice." It is only by implication that one can arrive at our good grumbler's ideal of what a reviewer should be, but he seems to incline (for evening paper work at any rate) towards "intelligent and not too conceited young men"—it is pleasant that he allows a little conceit.

When watchdogs of this kind are about, the reviewer takes considerable risk every time he makes his bow to the public. Naturally, he wonders to what category of youth or age, or virtue or vice, his work will assign him. For my own part, being, as I hope, of years of discretion—not to be more definite—I might be tempted (in order to avoid the charge of being an absolute back-number) shamelessly to affect the manner of those who think more of the cleverness of their own writing than of the character of the book. No, I prefer to keep my own character and to appear frankly as an elderly man, and brave the charge of being "truckling and over-generous." On the count of truckling, my conscience is clear. If one is ever overgenerous, that is no matter for regret, for if there is any part of his work that brightens a reviewer's day—or night—it is what a distinguished critic used to call "the noble pleasure of praising."

That brings us to the work in hand, and mention of quill-driving at night in connection with books suggests something happier—the pernicious but delightful habit of reading in bed. The book that one takes to bed should be, for choice, small and of pleasant print, and it should not be too exciting, lest Morpheus be cheated of his due and

this most innocent dissipation incur the penalty of less innocent recreations—a morning headache. Preferably, a book of essays, of a soft and soothing persuasiveness, makes the ideal bed-fellow, some volume that, as Andrew Lang said, "may send a man to sleep with a smile on his line."

Thackeray preferred old Montaigne and Howells. The late Maurice Hewlett was a total abstainer from such sleeping draughts; Leigh Hunt also. The latter, who lived in an age of candle-light, confessed that he feared untimely death by fire, having once had a terrible lesson that way. He made up for his privation by having a book ready for the moment of waking. An epoch of electric light and convenient switches has almost removed this terror from a charming bad habit, and has probably increased the number of its devotees. Those who wish to study the whole art and practice of reading in bed should not miss Mr. E. B. Osborn's "Nightcaps; The Gentle Art of Reading in Bed Explained and Illustrated" (Bell; 7s. 6d.) It is itself a bed-book, with but one disadvantage—it is not a soporific.

Some time ago I had the temerity to recommend as a nightcap a work in two large volumes—the ever-fascinating and inexhaustibly interesting letters of Mr. Page, who was a publisher before he became Ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James's. It appears that the Ambassador's confessions had an unsuspected companion and parallel, revealing the other



NOVELIST WIFE AND M.P. HUSBAND: MRS. SPEARS, AUTHOR OF "JANE-OUR STRANGER," AND BRIG.GEN. E. L. SPEARS, LIBERAL MEMBER FOR LOUGHBOROUGH.

Mrs. Spears, who has studied race psychology during extensive travels, has had a remarkable success with her new novel, "Jane—Our Stranger," which is being much discussed in London, Paris, and New York. Her previous book, "The Romantic Woman," described an English Duke's American wife: the heroine of the new one marries a French Marquis, and it shows the difficulty of reconciling the old and new civilisations. Mrs. Spears is the wife of Brig.-Gen. E. L. Spears, M.P. (Liberal) for Loughborough, and takes great interest in his political work. Their house in Little College Street, Westminster, where much of the new novel was written, was built by Sir Edwin Lutyens for the late Hon. Francis McLaren, whose widow married General Freyberg, V.C.

side of Mr. Page's activities. The book was written twenty years ago, and was published anonymously. On its original issue, the little work aroused much speculation as to its authorship. This confession of a publisher has an interesting foil in a book written from the point of view not of the publisher, but of the publisher's reader, and the writer of novels, reviews and essays. In all these branches of literature the author has had large practice, and, in addition, he knows the world of letters under many other aspects. Consequently, "The Gentle Art of Authorship," by C. E. Lawrence (Cape; 3s. 6d.), is a wise, practical, entertaining and most pleasantly-written little volume.

It is a moot question how far the novel makes a satisfactory bed-book. If it is too serious, too problematic, or too sensational, it will not ingeminate peace, and will fail to conform to Lang's prescription. Possibly the quietly amusing novel is the best. Let it be written by an author who has a clever touch in light fooling, and it will fill the bill admirably. A book of short stories, too, gives a happy chance of selection. If a novel should pall, the reader is nonplussed; for he will be a great enthusiast who gets out of bed to fetch another book; but if one short story fails to charm, he has only to try the next. The probabilities are heightened when the stories are all by different hands, as in "The Best Short Stories of 1923," edited by Edward O'Brien and John Cournos (Cape; 7s. 6d.)—a book one can recommend heartily. The authors include W. L. George, Somerset Maugham, D. H. Lawrence,

Ethel Colburn Mayne, C. E. Montagu, "Q," Thomas Burke, and the late Katharine Mansfield.

Apropos of books for the drowsy hour: The Bodley Head, in its circular for January, has a quaint wood-cut of a gentleman in bed with a goodly supply of books on the table beside him. It is explained that he is not a sick man, but the editor doubts whether the picture represents a reader about to tackle a pile of new books, or dropping off after he has done so. Einstein will have to push his investigations some distance further before we are able to introduce the time-factor into pictorial art! Putting temporal questions aside, however, I incline to the opinion that the occupant of the bed is a reviewer who has just read the "London Letter" in the American Bookman. This may account for his indeterminate attitude towards the literature at his bedside.

The same publishing house offers a selection of new works sufficiently tempting. Mr. Donald Maxwell, whose "Unknown Kent" gave me extraordinary enjoyment, has followed that most entertaining and informative work with an equally enticing companion, "Unknown Sussex" (The Bodley Head; 15s.). It adds to the attraction of this joyous volume that it is a one-man show, for Mr. Maxwell is both writer and illustrator.

Books like the foregoing make one realise how much adventure lies at our very doors, if we would only look for it. At the same time, adventure further afield is always welcome, in fiction or fact. An idyllic adventure on a Mediterranean island has been described by Miss Muriel Hine in her new novel, "The Spell of Siris" (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.). Readers who already know the heroine, Clodagh, Lady Strangway, will be glad to learn her further matrimonial history.

Adventures among books have few pleasanter interludes than the renewing of former acquaintanceships, sometimes of the characters, sometimes of the authors. Mr. Geoffrey Moss, the brilliant author of "Sweet Pepper," is once more in the field—this time with a book of short stories, in which he shows his former mastery in portraying intense emotions. It is particularly interesting to find that, within the smaller compass, he can obtain the same effects as in the full-dress novel. This talent is not granted to every writer of fiction, and it leads one to ask whether there may not be good reason for the current theory that the short story is likely to supersede the novel as the popular form of fiction. In a former article I stated the case for the long novel as more likely to produce an abiding effect; but at the same time I was compelled to note various exceptions in the case of the short story. As authors continue to increase their concentration of method, it may very well be that the conte will become as entirely satisfying as the novel. Mr. Moss has laid the scene of his six short stories in that part of Germany which is still under the control of the Allies. In "Defeat" (Constable; 7s. 6d.), he communicates with great skill the tragic futility of life—as 'he sees it. Often the incident itself is almost trifling, but its very littleness only heightens the irony, as in the story, "Isn't Life Wonderful!" which turns upon the theft of a small hoard of potatoes. Strange that so sombre a philosopher should have confessed to at least seven readings of a book so apparently light-hearted as "South Wind," but yet not strange, for Mr. Norman Douglas's amazing jeu a espru is, after all, an Anatomy of Melancholy.

Renewing acquaintance with an author is not always free from disappointments. Sometimes one has to admit regretfully that the new book is a falling-off. We are very exacting in our reading, and I often wonder how far it is fair always to demand that writers shall progress in a series of masterpieces. It was said by a paradoxical wit:

masterpieces. It was said by a paradoxical wit:
"The artist does not progress; he moves in a cycle
of masterpieces"; to which a retort might have been
made: "Exactly—a vicious circle." The paradox was
not true; every great artist progresses as long as his powers
last. Thereafter, there is always a period of decline. It
has been suggested that if "Edwin Drood" had been
finished, it might not have proved so clever as Dickens
believed and hoped it was to turn out. His too taxing
lecturing tour had already brought him to the point of
exhaustion. Surely it is only fair that the author
who gives precious hostages to fortune and maintains a good level of accomplishment should be treated
with a little indulgence. Nothing could be more
paralysing than the cry of carping criticism that a
writer's star is setting.

But there are cases when disappointment may be expressed quite legitimately. Take, for instance, a young writer who, beginning indifferently, has given promise of respectable work in a later book, but has never reached the point of first-class performance. The critics have been, on the whole, kind and even encouraging to an amateur of this sort, whose work, let us say, is rather a fashionable pastime than a serious business. If, then, an apparent advance is followed by a distinct inferiority approaching the negligible, it is quite salutary that this should be pointed out. I will leave it to my readers to say whether "The Fir and the Palm," by Princess Bibesco (Hutchinson; 78. 6d.), is or is not a fair illustration of the foregoing argument.

A LANDSEER FRESCO: LIKE A PREHISTORIC WALL-PAINTING.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER B. BEATTIE.



"AT GLENFESHIE, THE SHOOTING-PLACE OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, HE DECORATED THE WALLS WITH SKETCHES': A PAINTING ON PLASTER BY LANDSEER IN A GHILLIE'S HUT.

This very interesting photograph shows what remains of a beautiful fresco in colour painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, the great animal artist, on the plaster above a fireplace in a ghillie's hut at Glenfeshie, near Kingussie, Inverness-shire. "The hut," writes Mr. A. B. Beattie, "fell into decay, and in order to preserve the fresco a wooden chapel was built. The chapel is now practically in ruins, but the fresco is wonderfully fresh in colour, and in the drawing of the deer the master touch of Landseer is very evident. This wonderful relic of art ought to be better preserved." In the memoir of Landseer, by Cosmo

Monkhouse, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," we read: "In his manhood his favourite sport was deer-stalking. This he was able to indulge by yearly visits to Scotland, where he was a favoured guest at many aristocratic shooting lodges. At some of these, as at Ardverikie on Loch Laggan, erected by the Marquess of Abercorn in 1840, and occupied by her Majesty in 1847, and at Glenfeshie, the shooting-place of the Duke of Bedford, he decorated the walls with sketches. Those at Ardverikie have been destroyed by fire." In 1824 Landseer had visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford.



Ideal for spring days in town and country is this wellcut Zambrene coat, which is obtainable from all outfilters of prestige.

THE KING and the Queen have had a little further recess at Sandringham, and the King has enjoyed some shooting. The Queen enjoys the country, and as York Cottage is scarcely more than a stone's - throw from Sandringham House, her Majesty sees more of Queen Alexandra there than in London. The grounds of Sandringham are extensive and beautiful, and the Queen takes a good deal of walking exercise when there. It is a very charming walk across the Park to Appleton, and one which her Majesty and Princess Victoria often

Princess Victoria and Queen Maud ride on fine days, and Queen Alexandra is out in the open a great deal. Her beach cottage at Snettisham is not very cheerful at this time of year, but she has paid it one or two short visits. Queen Alexandra's daughters take a great interest in her kennels, stables, poultry farm, and dairy, and her Majesty frequently visits them. The Hon. Charlotte Knollys and General Sir Dighton Probyn love the life at Sandringham; and Sir Dighton gets about and sees to things in a wonderful way, considering his ninety-first birthday was passed last month. Miss Knollys has been Bedchamber Woman to Queen Alexandra for over forty years. To each of these faithful and devoted friends Queen Alexandra considers that she owes her life. Sir Dighton saved her in a riding accident; and Miss Charlotte Knollys saved her when her apartments at Sandringham were involved in a fire, and Miss Knollys aroused the sleeping mistress of the house, and with considerable risk and difficulty got her to safety.

The Prince of Wales will be away for the greater part of the London season. His tour in South Africa will complete his travels in all the King's Dominions across the seas. It will be when his Royal Highness has completed this duty, which he undertook, and up to now has so splendidly fulfilled, that he will marry and settle down. The Prince was, it is said, emphatic that all these tours would be made while he was a bachelor, and that his whole and undivided attention should be concentrated

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

upon them without distractions of either separation from, or of having with him, a wife for whom such strenuous months of travel would be a great trial. Next year, methinks, we shall be acclaiming a Princess of Wales: so really nice a one that with hearts, souls, and voices she will indeed be acclaimed.

It is good that prominent members of the Labour-Socialist Government are publicly acknowledging that the members of our Royal Family are hard workers. The poisonous ideas, promulgated by ignorant and bigoted extremists, that they are idle, luxurious, and unnecessary, are best refuted by working men who know what work is, and who are also now finding out the weight of responsibility. Praise of the Prince of Wales's work for his country by the new Secretary for the Colonies is like praise from Sir Hubert, because Mr. Thomas knows work. Praise of the King's fine, calm poise in all perilous and trying times is also recognition that his Majesty may well appreciate. The wives of the new Ministers will find out that women workers are to be found in thousands in the class which they have carelessly dubbed "the idle rich."

The Marchioness of Londonderry is giving an evening party at Londonderry House on the 11th, when decorations will be worn. It will, of course, be a brilliant affair. Lady Londonderry now spends a considerable part of each year in Northern Ireland, Lord Londonderry being a Minister of the Northern Government. Consequently her big party in town is usually an early one. The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, now on a short visit to the South of France, will be neighbours of Lord and Lady Londonderry in County Down, for the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin are lending them Clandeboye as a Government House until one is in readiness for them. Clandeboye is a lovely place on Belfast Lough;

Stewart is on



The altractive three-piece suit pictured here (o which two views are given) is carried out in grey wool marocain and soft georgette, and is worn with a turban-toque of blue pedal straw, swathed with ciré ribbon. Dove-grey rep, enhanced with braid embroidery, makes the graceful coat in the centre. Sketched at Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. (See page 240.)



Every country and sports enthusiast will revel in this practical Zambrene coat, which affords protection against all inclemencies of the weather.

Tower, a short distance from the picturesque and spacious house. It has a room at the top which was a favourite study of the first Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. In it are evidences of visits in the shape of verses and sentences signed by some of the most famous men of that celebrated Marquess's early days. The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn will probably attend the christening of their first grandson, the heir to Earl Spencer. Their other married daughter, Lady Mary Kenyon-Slaney, has two daughters. The Marquess of Hamilton, elder

of the Duke of Abercorn's sons, will be twenty on the 29th inst. He is one of those who only have a birthday in Leap Year. The Duchess of Abercorn is one of the women endowed with an excellent gift of witty, lucid, clear, and clever speech-making, and is also one of those, most of all gifted speakers, who seldom use the gift.

The new Ambassador to America and his wife will fulfil all desires for blue blood on the part of that democratic but aristocratic-tradition-loving country, in that he is one of the Norfolk Howards, and has the blood of the Bute Stuarts also in his veins. His wife, Lady Isabella Howard, is of noble Italian and English blood. She is the daughter of the late Prince Giustiniani Bandini, who was also eighth Earl of Newburgh. Her brother, the present Prince and Peer, is married to an Italian noblewoman. The first Lord Newburgh was a well-known member of the Court of Charles II. Sir Esmé and Lady Isabella Howard have five sons; the eldest will be twenty-one in October, and the youngest is ten. Three of Lady Isabella's sisters are married to Italian nobles; one is a nun, and two are unmarried. Lord Newburgh is her only surviving brother. His eldest son, Viscount Kynnaird and Duca de Mondragone, is married to an Italian noblewoman. They have no children, and he is an only surviving son - one brother died in infancy; another was killed in the war at Monfalcone. Our new Ambassador to America and his wife are blue-blooded enough to satisfy the most exacting; they are, moreover delightful, cultured, and travelled people of the world. A. E. L.

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



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Fashions and Fancies.

Three-Piece Suits and Coats for Town Wear.

The latest designs from Paris in the important sphere of light coats and three-piece suits for the spring have already arrived, and many

attractive examples are to be seen at Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., whence come the two models pictured on page 238. The graceful coat in the centre shows a straight back and the new tiered effect in

front, while round the hips and on the cuffs and collar appear deep bands of braid embroidery. It is expressed in fine rep of a soft dove-grey nuance embroidered in black, and can also be obtained in other colourings. With it is portrayed a chic little hat of pedal straw, trimmed with a wide band of scarlet gros grain ribbon edged with ciré braid, which develops into a stiff bow at the side. The turnedup brim is expressed in gold and scarlet embroidery. The attractive three - piece suit pictured is fashioned of grey wool marocain with motifs of silk embroidery appearing on each side of the skirt and bordering the loose coat. Soft grey georgette to tone makes the pretty jumper top which completes the frock.

A White Sale of Note.

The next two weeks will consist entirely of red-letter days in

the calendar of everyone who visits Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W., where the great White Sale which began on Monday last will still be in full swing. The attractive trio pictured on this page are typical of the innumerable bargains to be secured. The lingerie set in the centre, fashioned of fine cambric and trimmed with drawn-thread work and hand-embroidery, has been marked down to 4s. 6d. each the chemise and knickers, and 7s. 6d. the nightdress; while the graceful dressing-gown in warm woollen material on the right costs only

27s. 6d. and is obtainable in six shades. The pretty nightdress of French cambric can be secured for 10s. 9d., and is one of a very large selection in every material at prices equally elastic. In the other departments are further pleasant possibilities. Useful over-blouses of every description have been very drastically reduced, and practical tennis frocks in hand-embroidered pure Irish linen can be obtained for 49s. 6d.; while every-thing for children's wear is reduced to a minimum price.

When Weather is of No Importance.

The strongest constitution must expect to fall a victim to influenza colds and chill at this time of year unless due precautions are

taken to ensure protection against the constantly changing weather. One of the first details to which careful attention is essential is naturally sound footwear, and in these days, when shoes must remain light and slender in shape despite the wettest weather, the problem is a serious one. Dri-ped leather soles are an excellent solution, their durability and water-proof qualities ensuring ample protection without

g ample protection without altering in any way the design of the smartest shoe. Dri-ped repairs and Dri-ped soled footwear are obtainable everywhere, but, should any difficulty be experienced, full details and inquiries should be addressed to Dri-ped, Ltd., Bolton, Lancs.



French cambric, trimmed with washing net and ribbon, makes the pretty nightdress on the left; and soft woollen material the dressinggówn on the right. In the centre is a delightful set of undies fashioned of fine cambric, ornamented with drawn threadwork and hand embroulery. Sketched at Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W.

For One Week Only.

Monday next marks the commencement of the White Sale at Harrod's, Knightsbridge, S.W., which continues until the 16th inst., and no time should be lost before securing some of the wonderful bargains obtainable. There are useful Princess petticoats in crêpe de-Chine for 15s., or in tussore silk for 13s. 9d. Cami-knickers in embroidered schappe crêpe of several hues can be obtained for 12s. 9d. each, and pretty camisoles of every description are

practically given away. In the sphere of household linens there are many prizes. For instance, pure linen bleached damask cloths range from 5s. 11d., size 45 by 45 inches, and serviettes to match are 13s. 9d. the dozen. In the children's department cosy dressing-gowns of striped towelling, size 24 inches, can be secured for 11s. 9d., rising 1s, every 2 inches; and warm winceyette pyjamas are 6s. 9d. in all sizes. Some idea of the innumerable bargains obtainable can be gleaned from the splendidly illustrated sale

catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention this paper, and readers should not fail to take advantage of this opportunity.

Tweeds from the North of Ireland. Enthusiasts of country rambles and o u t d o o r

sports rarely deviate from their custom of wearing well - cut tweed costumes on every occasion. It is well worth noting, therefore, that genuine Irish tweeds, tailored to measure or sold in lengths, can be obtained from the White House, Portrush, North Ireland. A simple system of self-measurement by charts ensures a perfect fit to residents however distant, and all that is necessary is to apply for full details and patterns at the address given above, mentioning the name of this

Shoes for all Occasions. Whether for town or country, the question of suitable footwear

demands very serious attention, and a visit to Abbott and Sons, 58, Regent Street, W. (or to any of their innumerable branches), is a very pleasant duty. There the enthusiastic golfer will find well-built shoes in tan willow or black box calf with thick crepe rubber soles, available for 25s., or walking shoes with flat heels in soft crocodile for 45s. Models of every design in the fashionable lizard skin can be obtained for 63s. a pair. An illustrated brochure giving full details of the many Abbotts models will be sent on application gratis and post free.





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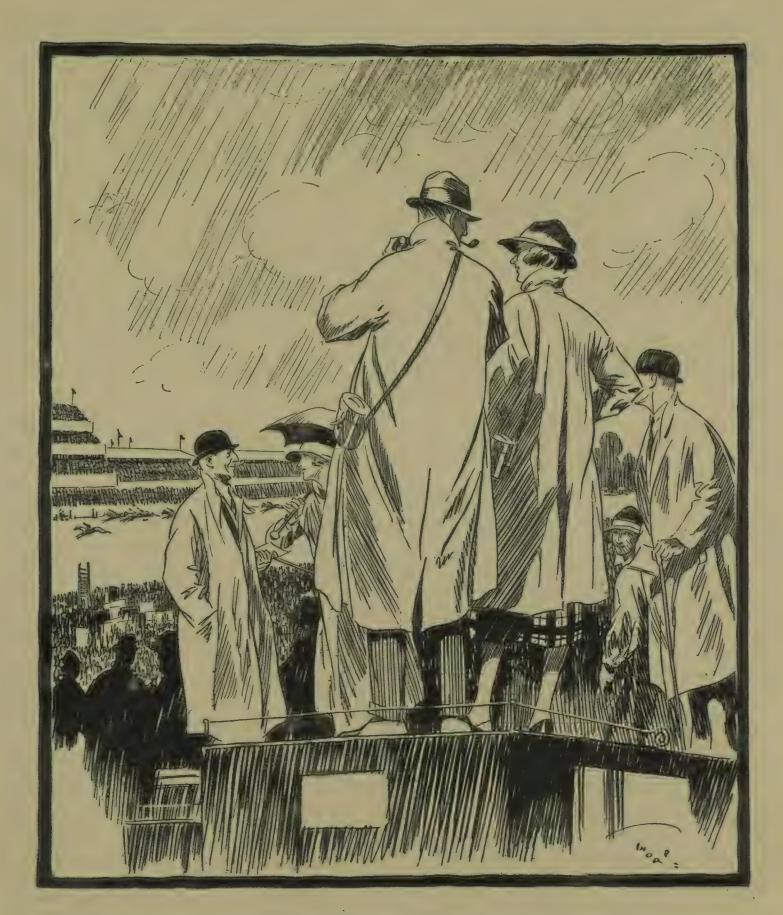
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For ample protection against every vagary of wind and weather you must have a Zambrene Weather-proof. No other coat will do. Proof against cold and chilly mist or penetrating drizzle, the Zambrene is yet so light that it is no burden to its wearer on the finest of fine days. It wears for years.

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RADIO NOTES.

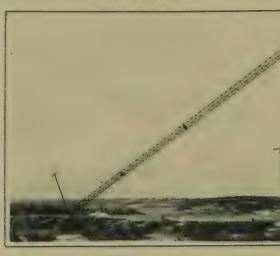
A USTRALIA'S first broadcasting station, situated at Willoughby, eight miles north of Sydney, has just been erected, and its transmissions of music and speech are expected to cover the whole of New South Wales, portions of Victoria and Queensland, and elsewhere. Two steel towers, each 200 ft. high and 575 ft. apart, support a "cage" aerial of four wires, which are separated at regular intervals by huge brass hoops. Directly beneath the aerial, and almost in the centre of the two towers, the operating house

and quarters for the staff are Electrical power for situated. broadcast transmissions is supplied by a 5000-watt generator. The immense area of the Commonwealth, with its scattered homes, made it impossible for any of the broadcasting systems adopted in Great Britain or America to be employed in Aus-It was realised that the establishment of broadcasting should be on a permanent basis, and, following an official conference summoned by Mr. Gibson, Postmaster-General, a scheme was evolved which has since been made the subject of special Government regulations. Under this scheme, those wishing to erect broadcasting stations must provide a financial bond of £1000 guaranteeing continuity of service for five years, and, with the approval of the Government, a certain wave-length is allotted.

Receiving-sets designed to respond to that wave-length are then available for purchase by those who desire to listen to broadcasts. This system, and the exact manner in which it functions, is being watched with keen interest by experts, since it is somewhat similar to the provision of the ordinary telephone service, except that, in the case of broadcasting, a set is purchased and not hired, and also that the instrument is a receiver only. The exact manner in which the system operates becomes clear if the case of one typical broadcasting station is considered.

Music and speech are transmitted according to the arrangements made by the individual station. A person desirous of listening to this station purchases a receiving-set designed and tuned to the wave-length

of the service for which it is sold. The instrument is sealed to that wave-length, and is not alterable except by deliberate tampering. The Government fee for a broadcast reception license is ten shillings per annum; but the broadcasting station controls the issue of licenses, and also charges a yearly subscription fee towards the cost of broadcasting. This scheme, however, is elastic, for a genuine experimenter who passes a Government test is allowed perfect freedom on all wave-lengths after payment of the license fees only. Similarly, the person who decides to receive more than one broadcasting service



AUSTRALIA'S FIRST BROADCASTING STATION: ERECTING THE AERIAL TOWERS.

At Willoughby, eight miles north of Sydney, Australia's first broadcasting station, "2FC," has been established. Music and speech by radio-telephony, on a wave-length of 1100 metres, will reach homes situated over the whole of New South Wales and parts of Victoria and Queensland. The "cage" aerial, 575 ft. long, is supported between two 200-ft. high towers, illustrated above in course of erection.

may have his receiver altered and rescaled so as to respond to various stations, provided that the additional subscription fees are paid. Under this scheme it is expected that the Australian broadcasting movement will be a success.

The first station is stated to be one of the most powerful and up to date in the world. It is controlled by Messrs. Farmer and Co., Ltd., of Sydney, to whom "No. I" Broadcast Transmission license has been allotted by the Government. Broadcasts from this station, which is known as "2FC," are transmitted on a wave-length of 1100 metres. The broadcasting studios are in Farmer's Roof Gardens, Sydney, eight miles from the transmitting station at Willoughby, the two departments being

connected by telephone wires which convey the music and speech current from the microphones to the transmitting apparatus.

To avoid delay between performances, two studios are used alternately, enabling artists to prepare in one whilst an actual transmission is proceeding in the other. A quick change-over of the switch controlling the two microphones results in one item following another without the usual "two minutes, please," to which we are accustomed

" 2FC" has secured the sole broadcasting rights of musical and dramatic productions performed at

four of Australia's chief theatres, which 'are connected by trunk telephone lines to the broadcasting station. The Sydney Morning Herald and the Evening News are co-operating in an arrangement for broadcasting certain items from those newspapers. Stock Exchange quotations and market reports embracing the country's primary products are transmitted daily.

The public in south-western districts of England is to be provided by the British Broadcasting Company with a relay station which will pick up and re-transmit broadcast programmes from the chief stations. In about five or six weeks the new station, which is being installed at Plymouth, will commence operating, and should gratify many would - be listeners at present debarred from receiving, on account of the great distance, from the nearest broad-

casting stations, at Cardiff and Bournemouth. This new station will enable thousands of listeners to hear relayed broadcasts with cheap crystal receiving-sets.

Confirmation has just been received of the successful reception in South Africa of a broadcast concert transmitted from "2LO" London, on January 1. Mr. G. Bekker, a wireless amateur at Johannesburg, picked up the British broadcast at 11.15 p.m., South African time—equivalent to about 9.15 p.m. London time—and listened by loud-speaker for about two hours to the concert performed nearly 5000 miles distant. This remarkable long-distance result was achieved by the use of Burndept receiving apparatus fitted with rive valves—two high-frequency, detector, and two low-frequency. W. H. S.



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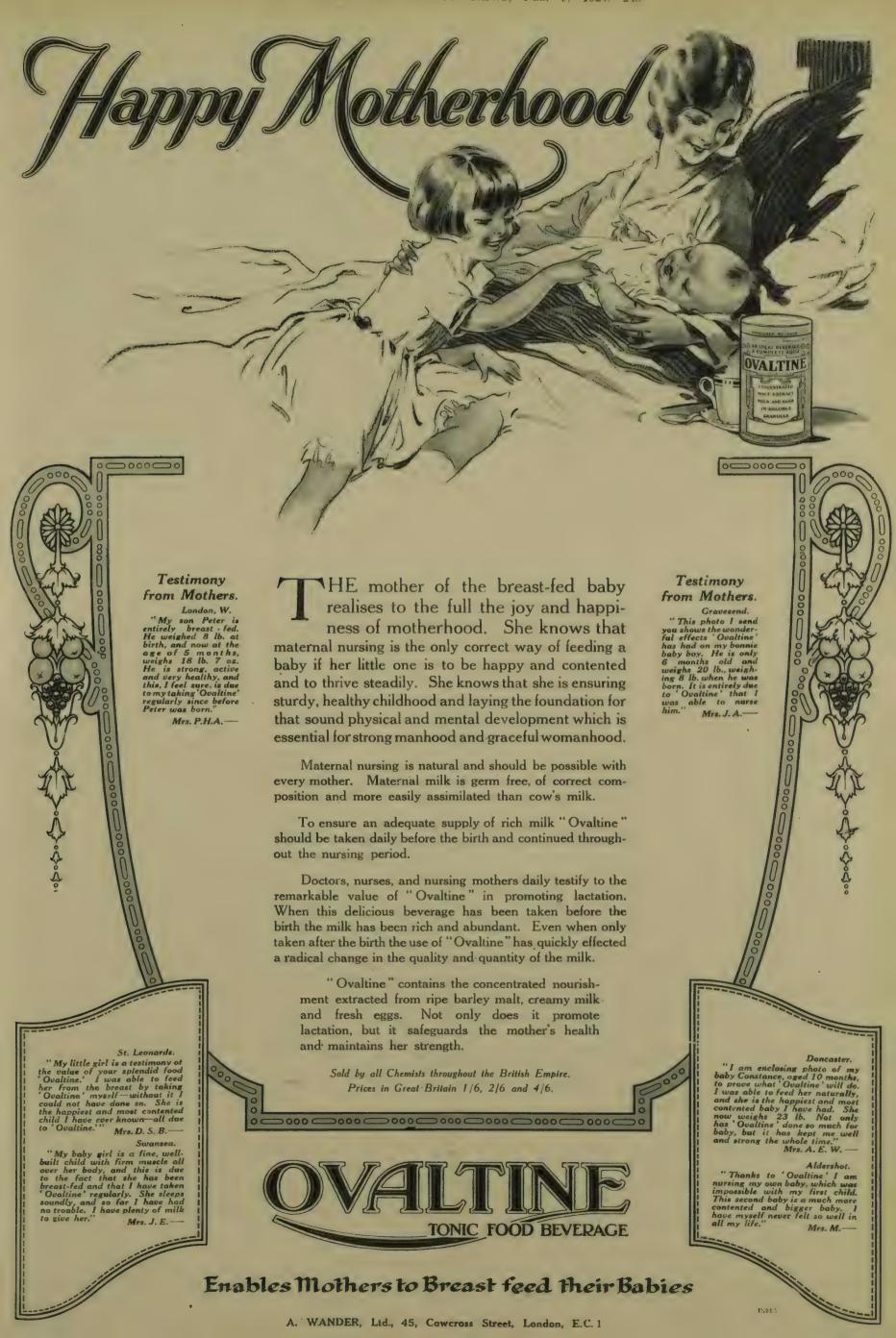
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Another Vauxhall A car that invariably does well in out-of-the-way parts of the world Record. is the Vauxhall. Writing from Ispahan, Mr. C. V. Helps speaks of his experience in Persia with a 23-60-h.p. Vauxhall. He says: "After filling with petrol, oil, and water, it started first swing. The journey from Bushire to Ispahan I managed easily; from Bushire to Shiraz must be the worst mountain road in the world—it would be impossible for a car were it a little worse. I managed to make two records on the journey. The Vauxhall was the first large car to come over the passes under its own power and without lifting round the corners. The second record was from Bushire to Ispahan in four days and a half. This is the quickest time in which it has been done; nearly all cars have to wait a day or two for repairs at Shiraz. My actual running time was 37½ hours. I had no trouble whatever on the road, and had ample power for every condition of road I met."

the date of the next Olympia Motor

QUEEN OF SIAM'S 20-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE: A WHITE LIMOUSINE WITH HER MAJESTY'S PEACOCK CREST ON THE DOORS.

This photograph shows the 20-h.p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce car, which is about to be shipped to her Majesty the Queen of Slam. The limousine body, by Messrs. Barker and Co., Ltd., is finished in white enamel, with interior upholstery of a special grey cloth. Her Majesty's personal crest is on each door, and the Siamese Royal Arms are painted on the back of the car. All the instruments on the dash-board, such as the clock, speedometer, etc., are arranged with Siamese figures.

London-Gloucester-London Trial.

In this now famous event, promoted by the North-West London Motor Club, Dunlop tyres again demonstrated their popularity and capacity for

endurance under arduous conditions of service. Of the awards in the motor-cycle section, twelve out of twenty-seven cups went to machines fitted with Dunlops, in addition to eleven silver spoons and nine certificates. In the car classes, there were sixteen cups awarded-seven going to entrants using Dunlop tyres. Cars so equipped also gained two silver spoons and one of the two certificates

In order, if pos-Change in the sible, to reduce the ''dead'' Show Date. season for the motor trade, the S.M.M.T. has decided to advance

> Show, and to hold it between the dates of Oct. 16 and 25, inclusive. It is an interesting experiment, and, I think, a good one. Whether

it will have the effect the Society hopes for is a matter of doubt, but at any rate the new dates give a chance for better weather conditions and lighter evenings, for what this is worth. I am not at all sure that the dead season trouble will not be best cured by a general following of the example set by several well-known firms last year, who announced policies, new models, and new prices before the end of the summer. If that were general, and it became thoroughly understood that those policies and prices were unalterable for the next twelvemonth, there would be no inducement for the public to refrain from buying pending the Show. The latter would become much more of an exhibition, and even less of a business function than it is now.

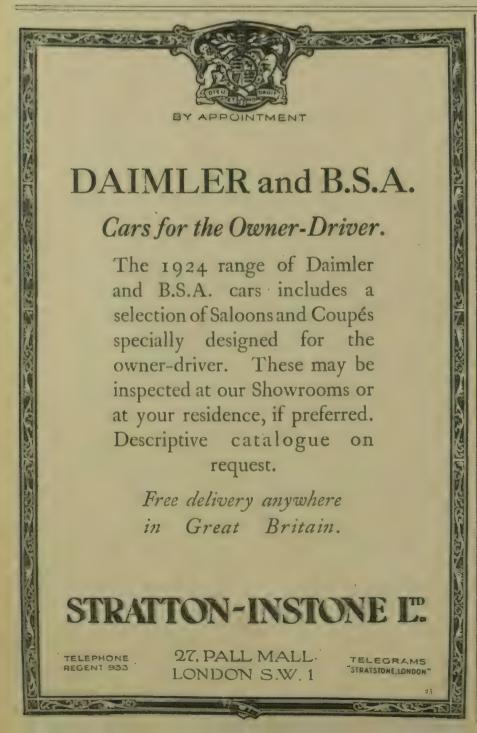
Flashing Signs and Driving.

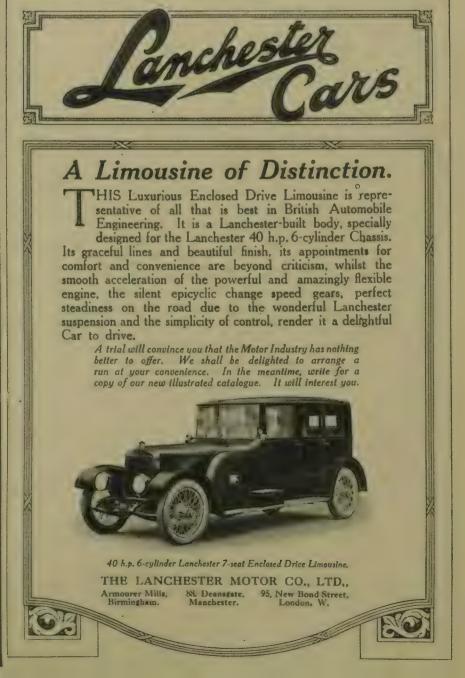
I believe that local authorities have some sort of jurisdiction in the matter of the electrically lit signs which are becoming so marked a feature of

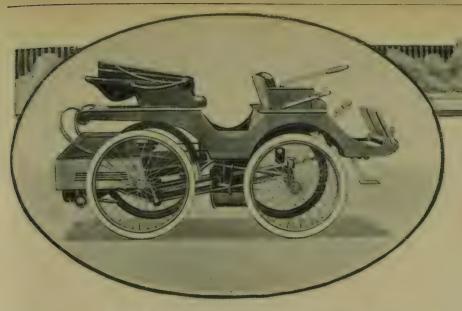


THE 23-60-H.P. VAUXHALL "SALISBURY" LIMOUSINE TO SEAT SEVEN: A CAR OF DISTINCTION.

London and the large towns of the country. It is a pity their powers are not exercised more drastically, because many of these signs are a real danger to traffic. Of the kind that remains fully lighted, I have nothing to say, but of those which depend for their effect on intermittent flashing there is nothing good to be said when they occur at important road-crossings or busy traffic points. I have one in mind at Hammersmith, which was erected by a firm of motor-car dealers who ought to have known better. This abomination faces traffic proceeding in a northerly direction, just at a bad bend in the main road. It flashes-or used to flash, for I have not been that way for some weeks-right into the eyes of the driver, and then goes out, leaving the road in Cimmerian darkness. This is only one example which occurs to me at the moment, but I know of several which are equally dangerous. I hope that when the new Bill providing for the constitution of a Central Traffic Authority is drafted, it will contain a clause enabling the Authority to command the removal of such of these signs as really constitute a danger to traffic. -W. W.







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HIS one, built to Mr. Lanchester's design, doubtless caused no small stir in the early summer of 1896.

It is claimed to be the first British built four-wheeled petrol car and was credited with an average speed of 12 miles an hour—a figure which no doubt could have been improved upon but for the low grade fuels then available.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE ETERNAL SPRING" AT THE ROYALTY. THERE is a story as old as the hills, which can always be counted on to endear itself to the playgoers of each new generation. Sir James Barrie told it us, when he and we were young together, in 'The Professor's Love-Story"; but just at present it is styled "The Eternal Spring," and staged at the Royalty, with a certain "Peter Garland" claiming authorship. ing authorship. Once upon a time, the story goes, there was an archæologist absorbed in his musty old science, and absorbing all the time and interest of a charming young girl secretary. One fine day his gossip sister burst in on the pair to tell them that scandal was coupling their names unpleasantly. It was very tiresome for the archæologist; but "Very well," he said, "let's get married." Just a formal marriage, you know, with things to go on just as Alas for the scientist, they did not go on as before: partly because of a young cub who made love to his girl-wife, partly because spring began to rise strangely in his own heart. But his Mary has to leave him before he comes to his senses. they meet again and are assured of their honeymoon. Miss Faith Celli is the girl at the Royalty, the very embodiment of womanhood ready to flower. Mr. Dennis Eadie is the archæologist, with the art to make the unlikely probable. Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Mr. Athole Stewart, and Mr. Robert Andrews,

CLEMENCE DANE'S NEW PLAY.

entiment.

help the story along, and playgoers revel in its

Miss Clemence Dane is hard on her two leading men characters in her newest play at the Ambassadors, "The Way Things Happen." Her Lomax is

little better than your stage-villain, a married man who exacts from the herome the sacrifice of her honour as the price of keeping out of prison the lad she loves. And this boy, if you please, thinks himself besmirched by the heroine's quixotry, insists on serving his sentence, and, after a stay abroad, comes home as graceless an egotist as ever. Miss Dane has always drawn women better than men; but this time the men, on whom the action of her tale depends are mere melodramatic types, with the result that we get from her no more than an effective, and at times very moving, stage-play. Fortunately Miss Dane knows how to handle her women. There is a beautiful death-scene, managed with that superb naturalness and intensity which make Miss Haidee Wright unique among our actresses: the scene is that of a mother dying of joy. Shirley again, has many charming moments; but it would have needed perhaps a Meggie Albanesi to give her the glamour which would have reconciled us to her self-sacrifice; Miss Hilda Bayley, however, does very well; Miss Olga Lindo offers a neat little sketch of a hussy; and in the parts of the two men Mr. Leslie Banks and Mr. Robert Harris work hard on stagey material.

A MAUGHAM FARCE AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

The fun that an audience is asked to extract from the spectacle of a group of characters treating a stage-associate as if he were mad must always seem rather cruel; and more than ever must this be so when, as in Mr. Maugham's new farce, "The Camel's Back," a wife starts a hue-and-cry to such effect against her husband. Theatregoers, then, who want to laugh at the Playhouse, and enjoy Miss Madge Titheradge's acting, must emulate, in part, the dramatist's own cynicism, must pardon in his heroine

the most extravagant disregard of kindliness, let alone truth, and must not be over-squeamish in other respects. Miss Titheradge indeed, and the author, give their cleverest work in the first act, before the plot against the husband's sanity is developed. From that time on artificiality runs riot, and acting is compelled to be mere virtuosity. But the moments in which Miss Nina Boucicault's charming old lady is allowed to talk of the strange guests at her boarding-house who impose on her innocence, prove refreshing oases, and Mr. Maugham reserves till near the end the entry of one of his most amusing figuresa cook bubbling over with joyous pertness, sketched to the life by Miss Olive Sloane. And it should not be overlooked that Mr. Frank Cellier does wonders with the thankless part of the modern Malvolio.

Mr. Samson Clark, of East Molesey, Chairman of Samson Clark and Co., Ltd., the Advertising Service Agents of Mortimer Street, W., and former Parliamentary candidate for the Chertsey Division of Surrey, asks us to state that he is not in any way connected with Mr. Samson Clark, of 63, Kent House Road, Sydenham, S.E., against whom a Receiving Order in Bankruptcy was recently gazetted.

Twenty-five of the junior employees of Messrs. Cadbury Brothers, Ltd., were lately sent on a tendays' visit to Wengen, to gain an impression at first hand of a country which is generally inaccessible to their class, and to experience the exhilaration of Switzerland's winter sports. This is the firm's second experiment of the kind in introducing to their young people the pleasures and profits of travel. Every member of the party compiled his own illustrated record of the tour, and collected material for a forthcoming camp and travel exhibition.

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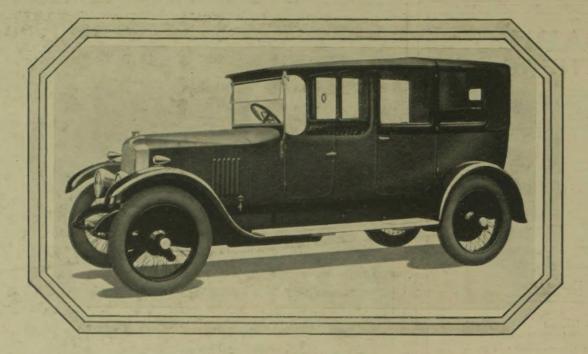
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THANKS to its partly-folding roof, the landaulette, while conceding little in appearance to the fixed-roof limousine, permits one to open the car to the air whenever it is pleasant to do so. This feature renders the landaulette a favourite form of motor carriage.

The 'Warwick' three-quarter landaulette is beautifully constructed and finished, its quality being the best. It is nevertheless considered by trade experts to be as inexpensive a motor carriage of its

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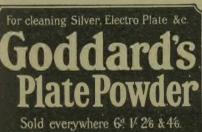
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 Splitting Hair,

6. Over-dry Scalp, 7. Thinning Hair,

4. Dank and Lifeless Hair, 8. Baldness,

don't delay a day in writing for your Hair Beauty Gift. The demand will be enormous. Not often is so generous an offer made to the public, and those who delay may be disappointed.

NO EXCUSE FOR UNHEALTHY HAIR.

If you have not hair that is healthy, radiant and luxuriant, hair that is free from unhealthy accumulations, hair that defies Father Time, hair that glints and glistens in the sun, try "Harlene Hair-Drill."

"Harlene Hair-Drill" will banish and prevent the return of all hairhealth defects and you can prove this free, as so many others have already done. Make up your mind to accept this free offer at once.

DO NOT DELAY A MOMENT LONGER.

Post the coupon at once-TO-DAY-enclosing 4d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and return carriage to your own door, no matter where you may reside.





As an experiment just cut out the features of the left-hand pictures and place them on the blank spaces of the right-hand designs. Then you will at once prove to your complete satisfaction that Beautiful Hair does really improve your personal appearance.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at $1/1\frac{1}{2}$, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine, $1/1\frac{1}{2}$ and 2/9 per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1/6 per box of seven shampoos (single packets, 3d. each), and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3/- and 5/- per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the post-age and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid 4-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.



Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD. 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1

Dear Sirs,-Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

(Illustrated London News, 9/2/24).

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "ASTOL" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.